LOVE *for* LOVE.

Written by

Mr. *CONGREVE*.

A

LOVE for LOVE:

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE in *Little Lincolns-Inn Fields*,

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. *CONGREVE.*

Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certa ratione modoque. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head*, near *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*. 1695.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſty's Houſhold, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

A Young Poet, is liable to the ſame Vanity and Indiſcretion with a Young Lover; and the Great Man that ſmiles upon one, and the Fine Woman that looks kindly upon t'other, are each of 'em in Danger of having the Favour publiſh'd with the firſt Opportunity.

But there may be a different Motive, which will a little diſtinguiſh the Offenders. For tho' one ſhould have a Vanity in ruining another's Reputation, yet the other may only have an Ambition to advance his own.

And

And I beg leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the Cauſe and Excuſe of this Dedication.

Whoever is King, is alſo the Father of his Country; and as no body can diſpute Your Lordſhip's *Monarchy* in *Poetry*; ſo all that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge Your Univerſal Patronage: And it is only preſuming on the Priviledge of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Addreſs of Thanks, to Your Lordſhip; which at the ſame time, includes a Prayer for Your Protection.

I am not Ignorant of the Common Form of Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up of Panegyricks, where the Authors endeavour to diſtinguiſh their Patrons, by the ſhining Characters they give them, above other Men. But that, my Lord, is not my buſineſs at this time, nor is Your Lordſhip *now* to be diſtinguiſh'd. I am contented with the Honour I do my ſelf in this Epiſtle; without the Vanity of attempting to add to, or explain Your Lordſhip's Character.

I confeſs it is not without ſome ſtrugling, that I behave my ſelf in this Caſe, as I ought: For it is very hard to be pleaſed with a Subject, and yet forbear it. But I chuſe rather to follow *Pliny*'s Precept, than his Example, when in his Panegyrick to the Emperour *Trajan*, he ſays,

Nec minus conſiderabo quid aures ejus pati poſſint, Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.

I hope I may be excus'd the Pedantry of a Quotation, when it is ſo juſtly apply'd. Here are ſome Lines

in

in the Print, (and which your Lordſhip read before this Play was Acted) that were omitted on the Stage; and particularly one whole Scene in the Third Act, which not only helps the Deſign forward with leſs Precipitation, but alſo heightens the ridiculous Character of *Foreſight*, which indeed ſeems to be maim'd without it. But I found my ſelf in great danger of a long Play, and was glad to help it where I could. Tho' notwithſtanding my Care, and the kind Reception it had from the Town; I could heartily wiſh it yet ſhorter: But the Number of Different Characters repreſented in it, would have been too much crowded in leſs room.

This Reflection on Prolixity, (a Fault, for which ſcarce any one Beauty will attone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain Your Lordſhip any longer with the Trifles of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient

and Moſt Humble

Servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.

A

PROLOGUE

FOR

The opening of the new Play-Houſe, propos'd to be ſpoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle* in Man's Cloaths.

Sent from an unknown Hand.

CUSTOM, which every where bears mighty Sway,
Brings me to act the Orator to Day:
But Women, you will ſay, are ill at Speeches,
'Tis true, and therefore I appear in Breeches:
Not for Example to you City-Wives;
That by Preſcription's ſetled for your Lives.
Was it for gain the Husband firſt conſented?
O yes, their Gains are mightily augmented:
And yet, methinks, it muſt have coſt ſome Strife:
A Paſſive Husband, and an Active Wife!
'Tis awkward, very awkward, by my Life.
But to my Speech, Aſſemblies of all Nations
Still are ſuppos'd to open with Orations:
Mine ſhall begin, to ſhew our Obligations.

Making Horns with her Hands over her Head.

To you, our Benefactors, lowly Bowing,
Whoſe Favours have prevented our undoing;
A long Egyptian *Bondage we endur'd,*
Till Freedom, by your Juſtice we procur'd:
Our Taskmaſters were grown ſuch very Jews,
We muſt at length have Play'd in Wooden Shooes,
Had not your Bounty taught us to refuſe.
Freedom's of Engliſh *growth, I think, alone;*
What for loſt Engliſh *Freedom can attone?*
A Free-born Player loaths to be compell'd;
Our Rulers Tyraniz'd, and We Rebell'd.
Freedom! the Wiſe Man's Wiſh, the Poor Man's Wealth;
Which you, amd I, and moſt of us enjoy by Stealth;
The Soul of Pleaſure, and the Sweet of Life,
The Woman's Charter, Widdow, Maid or Wife,
This they'd have cancell'd, and thence grew the Strife.
But you perhaps, wou'd have me here confeſs
How we obtain'd the Favour;—Can't you gueſs?
Why then I'll tell you, (for I hate a Lye)
By Brib'ry, errant Brib'ry, let me dye:
I was their Agent, but by Jove I ſwear
No honourable Member had a ſhare
Tho' young and able Members bid me Fair:
I choſe a wiſer way to make you willing,
Which has not coſt the Houſe a ſingle Shilling;
Now you ſuſpect at leaſt I went a Billing.
You ſee I'm Young, and to that Air of Youth,
Some will add Beauty, and a little Truth;
Theſe Pow'rful Charms, improv'd by Pow'rful Arts,
Prevail'd to captivate your op'ning Hearts.

Thus

Thus furniſh'd, I prefer'd my poor Petition,
And brib'd ye to commiſerate our Condition:
I Laugh'd, and Sigh'd, and Sung, and Leer'd upon ye;
With Roguiſh Loving Looks, and that way won ye:
The Young Men kiſs'd me, and the Old I kiſs'd,
And luringly, I led them as I liſt.
The Ladies in meer Pity took our Parts,
Pity's the darling Paſſion of their Hearts.
Thus Bribing, or thus Brib'd, fear no Diſgraces;
For thus you may take Bribes, and keep your Places.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the opening of the New Houſe,

By Mr. *Betterton.*

THE Husbandman in vain renews his Toil,
To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous Fruit,
When what ſhould feed the Tree, devours the Root:
Th' unladen Boughs, he ſees, bode certain Dearth,
Unleſs tranſplanted to more kindly Earth.
So, the poor Husbands of the Stage, who found
Their Labours loſt upon the ungrateful Ground,
This laſt and only Remedy have prov'd;
And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you ſo kindly aid,
And plant a Soil which you ſo rich have made.
As Nature gave the World to Man's firſt Age,
So from your Bounty, we receive this Stage;
The Freedom Man was born to, you've reſtor'd,
And to our World, ſuch Plenty you afford,
It ſeems like Eden, *fruitful of its own accord.*
But ſince in Paradiſe *frail Fleſh gave way,*
And when but two were made, both went aſtray;
Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve
One falling Adam, *and one tempted* Eve.
We who remain, would gratefully repay
What our Endeavours can, and bring this day,
The Firſt-fruit Offering, of a Virgin Play.

We

We hope there's ſomething that may pleaſe each Taſte,
And tho' of Homely Fare we make the Feaſt,
Yet you will find variety at leaſt.
There's Humour, which for chearful Friends we got,
And for the thinking Party there's a Plot.
We've ſomething too, to gratifie ill Nature,
(If there be any here) and that is Satire.
Tho Satire ſcarce dares grin, 'tis grown ſo mild;
Or only ſhews its Teeth, as if it ſmil'd.
As Aſſes Thiſtles, Poets mumble Wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
And are afraid to uſe their own Edge-Tools.
Since the Plain-Dealers *Scenes of Manly Rage,*
Not one has dar'd to laſh this Crying Age.
This time, the Poet owns the bold Eſſay,
Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his Play:
And he declares by me, he has deſign'd
Affront to none, but frankly ſpeaks his mind.
And ſhou'd the enſuing Scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one Excuſe, 'twas writ
Before your late Encouragement of Wit.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the New Houſe,

By Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

SURE Providence at firſt, deſign'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in diſtreſs;
For ſtill in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that ſhields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this change which laſt befel us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
For when behind our Scenes their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, ſometimes they ſhow their Reading;
And wanting ready Caſh to pay for Hearts,
They top their Learning on us, and their Parts.
Once of Philoſophers they told us Stories,
*Whom, as I think they call'd——*Py——Pythagories,
I'm ſure 'tis ſome ſuch Latin *Name they give 'em,*
And we, who know no bettter, muſt believe 'em.
Now to theſe Men (ſay they) ſuch Souls were given,
That after Death, ne're went to Hell, nor Heaven,
But liv'd, I know not how, in Beaſts; and then
When many Years were paſt, in Men again.
Methinks, we Players *reſemble ſuch a Soul,*
That, does from Bodies, we from Houſes ſtrole.
Thus Ariſtotle's *Soul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Aſs;

Or

Or in this very House, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau,
And this our Audience, which did once resort
To shining Theatres to see our Sport,
Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-Court.
These Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noise
Of Roaring Gamesters, and your Damme Boys.
Then bounding Balls and Rackets they encompass'd,
And now they're fill'd with Jests, and Flights, and Bombast!
I vow, I don't much like this Transmigration,
Stroling from Place to Place, by Circulation.
Grant Heaven, we don't return to our first Station.
I know not what these think, but for my Part,
I can't reflect without an aking Heart,
How we shou'd end in our Original, a Cart.
But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
That you have only set us up, to leave us.
Thus from the past, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it ———
And some here know I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favour.

Perſonæ

Perſonæ Dramatis.

MEN.		By
Sir *Sampſon Legend.*	Father to *Valentine* and *Ben.*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Valentine.	Fallen under his Father's Diſpleaſure by his expenſive way of living, in love with *Angelica.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Scandal.	His Friend, a Free Speaker.	Mr. *Smith.*
Tattle.	A half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himſelf for Secreſie.	Mr. *Boman.*
Ben.	Sir *Sampſon*'s Younger Son, half home-bred, and half-Sea-bred, deſign'd to marry Miſs *Prue.*	Mr. *Dogget.*
Foreſight.	An illiterate Old Fellow, peeviſh and poſitive, ſuperſtitious, and pretending to underſtand Aſtrology, Palmiſtry, Phiſiognomy, Omens, Dreams, *&c.* Uncle to *Angelica.*	Mr. *Sanford.*
Jeremy.	Servant to *Valentine.*	Mr. *Bowen.*
Trapland.	A Scrivener.	Mr. *Triffuſis.*
Buckram.	A Lawyer.	Mr. *Freeman.*

WOMEN.		By
Angelica.	Niece to *Foreſight*, of a conſiderable Fortune in her own Hands.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Mrs. *Foreſight.*	Second Wife to *Foreſight.*	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Mrs. *Frail.*	Siſter to *Mrs.* Foreſight, a Woman of the Town.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Miſs *Prue.*	Daughter to *Foreſight* by a former Wife, a ſilly, awkard, Country Girl.	Mrs. *Ayliff.*
Nurſe	to Miſs.	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Jenny.	Maid to *Angelica.*	Mrs. *Lawſon.*

A Steward, Officers, Sailers, and ſeveral Servants.

The SCENE in *LONDON.*

LOVE for LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Valentine *in his Chamber Reading.* Jeremy *waiting.*

Several Books upon the Table.

Val. JEremy.

Jere. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digeſt what I have read——

Jere. You'll grow Deviliſh fat upon this Paper-Diet. [*Aſide, and taking away the Books.*

Val. And d'ye hear, go you to Breakfaſt—— There's a Page doubled down in *Epictetus*, that is a Feaſt for an Emperour.

Jere. Was *Epictetus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

Val. Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite; learn to live upon Inſtruction; feaſt your Mind, and mortifie your Fleſh; Read, and take your Nouriſhment in at your Eyes; ſhut up your Mouth, and chew the Cud of Underſtanding. So *Epictetus* adviſes.

Jere. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a Gentleman at *Cambridge*: Pray what was that *Epictetus*?

Val. A very rich Man. ——Not worth a Groat.

Jere. Humph, and ſo he has made a very fine Feaſt, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jere. Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably underſtand this fine Feeding: But if you pleaſe, I had rather be at Board-Wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of theſe poor, rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your Debts without Money? Will they ſhut up the Mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Diogenes*, becauſe he underſtands Confinement,

and liv'd in a Tub, go to Priſon for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew your ſelf up here with Three or Four muſty Books, in commendation of Starving and Poverty?

Val. Why, Sirrah, I have no Money, you know it; and therefore reſolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the Examples of the wiſeſt and wittieſt Men in all Ages; theſe Poets and Philoſophers whom you naturally hate, for juſt ſuch another Reaſon; becauſe they abound in Senſe, and you are a Fool.

Jere. Aye, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet, Heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a Wit—— But I was always a Fool, when I told you what your Expences would bring you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats and your Balls; your being in Love with a Lady, that did not care a Farthing for you in your Proſperity; and keeping Company with Wits, that car'd for nothing but your Proſperity; and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be reveng'd on 'em all; I'll purſue *Angelica* with more Love than ever, and appear more notoriouſly her Admirer in this Reſtraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich Fops, that made Court to her; ſo ſhall my Poverty be a Mortification to her Pride, and perhaps, make her compaſſionate that Love, which has principally reduc'd me to this Lowneſs of Fortune. And for the Wits, I'm ſure I'm in a Condition to be even with them——

Jere. Nay, your Condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take ſome of their Trade out of their Hands.

Jere. Now Heav'n of Mercy continue the Tax upon Paper; you don't mean to write!

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

Jere. Hem!——Sir, if you pleaſe to give me a ſmall Certificate of Three Lines——only to certifie thoſe whom it may concern; That the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by Name, has for the ſpace of Sev'n Years truly and faithfully ſerv'd *Valentine Legend* Eſq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any Miſdemeanour; but does voluntarily diſmiſs his Maſter from any future Authority over him——

Val. No, Sirrah, you ſhall live with me ſtill.

Jere. Sir,

Jere. Sir, it's impoſſible——I may die with you, ſtarve with you, or be dam'd with your Works: But to live even Three days, the Life of a Play, I no more expect it, than to be Canoniz'd for a Muſe after my Deceaſe.

Val. You are witty, you Rogue, I ſhall want your Help;—— I'll have you learn to make Couplets, to tag the ends of Acts: d'ye hear, get the Maids to Crambo in an Evening, and learn the knack of Rhiming; you may arrive at the height of a Song, ſent by an unknown Hand, or a Chocolate-Houſe Lampoon.

Jere. But Sir, Is this the way to recover your Father's Favour? Why Sir *Sampſon* will be irreconcilable. If your Younger Brother ſhou'd come from Sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir; you're ruin'd; you won't have a Friend left in the World, if you turn Poet——Ah Pox confound that *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe, it has ruin'd more Young Men than the *Royal Oak* Lottery——Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man of the Houſe would have been an Alderman by this time with half the Trade, if he had ſet up in the City——For my part, I never ſit at the Door, that I don't get double the Stomach that I do at a Horſe-Race. The Air upon *Banſtead-Downs* is nothing to it for a Whetter; yet I never ſee it, but the Spirit of Famine appears to me; ſometimes like a decay'd Porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying *Billet-doux* and Songs; not like other Porters for Hire, but for the Jeſts ſake. Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his Proportion, with carrying a Poet upon Tick, to viſit ſome great Fortune; and his Fare to be paid him like the Wages of Sin, either at the Day of Marriage, or the Day of Death.

Val. Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

Jere. Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookſeller, with a meagre terrify'd Countenance, that looks as if he had written for himſelf, or were reſolv'd to turn Author, and bring the reſt of his Brethren into the ſame Condition. And Laſtly, In the Form of a worn-out Punk, with Verſes in her Hand, which her Vanity had prefer'd to Settlements, without a whole Tatter to her Tail, but as ragged as one of the Muſes; or as if ſhe were carrying her Linnen to the Paper-Mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of Warning to all Young Maids, not to preſer Poetry to good Senſe; or lying in the Arms of a needy Wit, before the Embraces of a wealthy Fool.

Enter Scandal.

Scan. What, *Jeremy* holding forth?

Val. The Rogue has (with all the Wit he could muſter up) been declaiming againſt Wit.

Scan. Aye? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has Wit: For where-ever it is, it's always contriving it's own Ruine.

Jere. Why ſo I have been telling my Maſter, Sir: Mr. *Scandal*, for Heaven's ſake, Sir, try if you can diſſwade him from turning Poet.

Scan. Poet! He ſhall turn Soldier firſt, and rather depend upon the outſide of his Head, than the Lining. Why, what the Devil has not your Poverty made you Enemies enough? Muſt you needs ſhew your Wit to get more?

Jere. Ay, more indeed; for who cares for any Body that has more Wit than himſelf?

Scan. Jeremy ſpeaks like an Oracle. Don't you ſee how worthleſs great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a witty Man of ſmall Fortune? Why, he looks like a Writ of Enquiry into their Titles and Eſtates; and ſeems Commiſſion'd by Heav'n to ſeize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my Writings, and be reveng'd.

Scan. Rail? At whom? the whole World? Impotent and vain! Who would die a Martyr to Senſe in a Country where the Religion is Folly? You may ſtand at Bay for a while; but when the full Cry is againſt you, you won't have fair Play for your Life. If you can't be fairly run down by the Hounds, you will be treacherouſly ſhot by the Huntſmen.——No, turn Pimp, Flatterer, Quack, Lawyer, Parſon, be Chaplain to an Atheiſt, or Stallion to an Old Woman, any thing but Poet; a Modern Poet is worſe, more ſervile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have nam'd: Without you could retrieve the Ancient Honours of the Name, recall the Stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the force of open honeſt Satire.

Val. You are as inveterate againſt our Poets, as if your Character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage.——
Nay, I am not violently bent upon the Trade.— [*One Knocks.*
Jeremy, ſee who's there. [*Ex. Jeremy*] But tell me

what

what you would have me do?——What do the World ſay of me, and my forc'd Confinement?

Scan. The World behaves it ſelf, as it uſed to do on ſuch Occaſions; ſome pity you, and condemn your Father: Others excuſe him, and blame you; only the Ladies are merciful, and wiſh you well, ſince Love and Pleaſurable Expence, have been your greateſt faults.

Enter Jeremy.

Val. How now?

Jere. Nothing new, Sir; I have diſpatch'd ſome half a Dozen Duns with as much Dexterity, as a hungry Judge do's Cauſes at Dinner-time.

Val. What anſwer have you given 'em?

Scan. Patience, I ſuppoſe, the old Receipt.

Jere. No, faith Sir; I have put 'em off ſo long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words; that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *Engliſh*——

Val. What?

Jere. That they ſhould be paid.

Val. When?

Jere. To morrow.

Val. And how the Devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jere. Keep it? Not at all; it has been ſo very much ſtretch'd, that I reckon it will break of courſe by to morrow, and no body be ſurpriz'd at the Matter—[*Knocking*]—Again! Sir, if you don't like my Negotiation, will you be pleas'd to anſwer theſe your ſelf.

Val. See who they are. [*Exit* Jere.

By this, *Scandal*, you may ſee what it is to be great; Secretaries of State, Preſidents of the Council, and Generals of an Army lead juſt ſuch a life as I do; have juſt ſuch Crowds of Viſitants in a morning, all ſoliciting of paſt promiſes; which are but a civiller ſort of Duns, that lay claim to voluntary Debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great Man, having engaged their Attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intend to perform; are more perplex'd to find Evaſions, than you would be to invent the honeſt means of keeping your word, and gratifying your Creditors.

Val.

Val. Scandal, learn to ſpare your Friends, and do not provoke your Enemies; this liberty of your Tongue, will one day bring a Confinement on your Body, my Friend.

Re-enter Jeremy.

Jere. O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two ſuſpicious Fellows like lawful Pads, that wou'd knock a Man down with Pocket-Tipſtaves,——And there's your Father's Steward, and the Nurſe with one of your Children from *Twitnam.*

Val. Pox on her, cou'd ſhe find no other time to ſling my Sins in my Face: Here, give her this, [*Gives Money.* and bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtleſs two handed Whore, ſhe knows my Condition well enough, and might have overlaid the Child a Fortnight ago, if ſhe had had any forecaſt in her.

Scan. What is it Bouncing *Margery*, and my Godſon?

Jere. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My Bleſſing to the Boy, with this Token [*Gives Money.* of my Love. And d'ee hear, bid *Margery* put more Flocks in her Bed, ſhift twice a Week, and not work ſo hard, that ſhe may not ſmell ſo vigorouſly.——I ſhall take the Air ſhortly.

Val. Scandal, don't ſpoil my Boy's Milk:——Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a Sop, I ſhall be at reſt for one day. [*Exit* Jeremy.

Enter Trapland *and* Jeremy.

O Mr. *Trapland!* my old Friend! Welcome. *Jeremy*, a Chair quickly: A Bottle of Sack and a Toaſt—fly—a Chair firſt.

Trap. A good Morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you Mr. *Scandal.*

Scan. The Morning's a very good Morning, if you don't ſpoil it.

Val. Come ſit you down, you know his way.

Trap. } There is a Debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500 *l.* of pretty long
Sits. } ſtanding——

Val. I cannot talk about Buſineſs with a Thirſty Palate.—Sirrah the Sack——

Trap. And I deſire to know what Courſe you have taken for the Payment? *Val.*

Val. Faith and Troth, I am heartily glad to ſee you,——my Service to you,——fill, fill, to honeſt Mr. *Trapland*, ſuller.

Trap. Hold, Sweet-heart.——This is not to our Buſineſs;——my Service to you Mr. *Scandal* ——[*Drinks.*]——I have forborn as long.——

Val. T'other Glaſs, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth.——I have forborn, I ſay——

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you.——And how do's your handſome Daughter.——Come a good Husband to her. [*Drinks.*

Trap. Thank you——I have been out of this Money.——

Val. Drink firſt. *Scandal*, why do you not Drink? [*They Drink.*

Trap. And in ſhort, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your Supply: It did me Signal Service in my neceſſity. But you delight in doing good.——*Scandal*, Drink to me, my Friend *Trapland*'s Health. An honeſter Man lives not, nor one more ready to ſerve his Friend in Diſtreſs, tho' I ſay it to his face. Come, fill each Man his Glaſs.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been a Whoremaſter, and loves a Wench ſtill. You never knew a Whoremaſter, that was not an honeſt Fellow.

Trap. Fie, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew——

Scan. What don't I know?——I know the Buxom black Widdow in the *Poultry*——800 *l.* a Year Joynture, and 20000 *l.* in Money. A hah! Old *Trap.*

Val. Say you ſo, I'faith: Come, we'll remember the Widow: I know where abouts you are: Come, to the Widow——

Trap. No more indeed.

Val. What, the Widows Health; give it him——off with it: [*They Drink.*

A Lovely Girl, I'faith, black ſparkling Eyes, ſoft pouting Ruby-Lips! better ſealing there, than a Bond for a Million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no ſuch thing, we'd better mind our buſineſs.——You're a Wag.

Val. No faith, we'll mind the Widow's buſineſs, fill again.——Pretty round heaving Breaſts,——a *Barbary* ſhape, and a Jut with her Bum, would ſtir an *Anchoret*: And the prettieſt Foot! Oh if a Man could but faſten his Eyes to her Feet, as they ſteal in and out, and play at Bo-peep under her Petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*?

Trap.

Trap. Verily, give me a Glaſs,——you're a Wag,——and here's to the Widow. [*Drinks.*

Scan. He begins to Chuckle;——ply him cloſe, or he'l relapſe into a Dun.

Enter Officer.

Off. By your leave, Gentlemen,——Mr. *Trapland*, if we muſt do our Office, tell us.——We have half a dozen Gentlemen to Arreſt in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*; and if we don't make haſte, the Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate-Houſes, and then our labour's loſt.

Trap. 'Udſo that's true, Mr. *Valentine* I love Mirth, but buſineſs muſt be done, are you ready to——.

Jere. Sir, your Father's Steward ſays he comes to make Propoſals concerning your Debts.

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, ſend away your Officer, You ſhall have an anſwer preſently.

Trap. Mr. *Snap* ſtay within Call. [*Exit Officer.*

[*Enter Steward and Whiſpers* Valentine.

Scan. Here's a Dog now, a Traytor in his Wine, Sirrah refund the Sack: *Jeremy* fetch him ſome warm water, or I'll rip up his Stomach, and go the ſhorteſt way to his Conſcience.

Trap. Mr. *Scandal*, you are Uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drank it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your Money again, when a Gentleman has ſpent it?

Val. You need ſay no more, I underſtand the Conditions; they are very hard, but my Neceſſity is very preſſing, I agree to 'em, take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the Writing—— Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he ſhall ſatisfie you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus preſſing, but my neceſſity.

Val. No Apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you ſhall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my buſineſs requires——

[*Exeunt Steward*, Trap. *and* Jere.

Scan. He begs Pardon like a Hangman at an Execution.

Val. But I have got a Reprieve.

Scan. I am ſurpriz'd; what do's your Father relent?

Val.

Val. No; He has ſent me the hardeſt Conditions in the World: You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mine, that was ſent to Sea three Years ago? This Brother, my Father hears is Landed; whereupon he very affectionately ſends me word; If I will make a Deed of Conveyance of my Right to his Eſtate after his Death, to my younger Brother, he will immediately furniſh me with Four thouſand Pound to pay my Debts, and make my Fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it; but the preſent impatience of my Creditors for their Money, and my own impatience of Confinement, and abſence from *Angelica*, force me to conſent.

Scan. A very deſperate Demonſtration of your love to *Angelica*: And I think ſhe has never given you any aſſurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper; ſhe never gave me any great reaſon either for hope or deſpair.

Scan. Women of her airy temper, as they ſeldom think before they act, ſo they rarely give us any light to gueſs at what they mean: But you have little reaſon to believe that a Woman of this Age, who has had an indifference for you in your Proſperity, will fall in love with your ill Fortune; beſides, *Angelica* has a great Fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great Fortune, or a Fool.

Enter Jeremy.

Jere. More Misfortunes, Sir.

Val. What, another Dun?

Jere. No Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it,—— you muſt bring him up; He knows I don't go abroad. [*Exit* Jeremy.

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, prithee ſtay: *Tattle* and you ſhould never be aſunder; you are light and ſhadow, and ſhew one another; he is perfectly thy reverſe both in humour and underſtanding; and as you ſet up for Defamation, he is a mender of Reputations.

Scan. A mender of Reputations! aye, juſt as he is a keeper of ſecrets, another Vertue that he ſets up for in the ſame manner. For the Rogue will ſpeak aloud in the poſture of a Whiſper; and deny a Womans name, while he gives you the marks of her Perſon: He will forſwear receiving a Letter from her, and at the ſame time,

ſhew you her Hand upon the Superſcription: And yet perhaps he has Counterfeited the Hand too; and ſworn to a truth; but he hopes not to be believ'd; and refuſes the reputation of a Ladies favour, as a Doctor ſays, No, to a Biſhoprick, only that it may be granted him.——In ſhort, he is a publick Profeſſor of Secreſie, and makes Proclamation that he holds private Intelligence.——He's here.

Enter Tattle.

Tatt. Valentine good Morrow, *Scandal* I am Yours,—That is, when you ſpeak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any body's elſe, that will never happen.

Tatt. How Inhumane!

Val. Why *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he ſays: For to converſe with *Scandal*, is to play at *Loſing Loadum*; you muſt loſe a good Name to him, before you can win it for your ſelf.

Tatt. But how Barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the World ſhall think the berter of any Perſon for his Calumniation!—I thank Heav'n, it has always been a part of my Character, to handle the Reputation of others very tenderly.

Scan. Aye, ſuch rotten Reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handl'd tenderly indeed.

Tatt. Nay, but why rotten? Why ſhould you ſay rotten, when you know not the perſons of whom you ſpeak? How cruel that is?

Scan. Not know 'em? Why, thou never hadſt to do with any body that did not ſtink to all the Town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a Jeſt of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that no body knows any thing of that nature of me: As I hope to be ſav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, ſince I knew what Woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with ſeveral.

Tatt. To be free with you, I have——I don't care if I own that——Nay more (I'm going to ſay a bold Word now) I never could meddle with a Woman, that had to do with any body elſe.

Scan.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him——Except her Husband, *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh that——

Scan. What think you of that Noble Commoner, Mrs. *Drab*?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her Brags in three or four places, that I ſaid this and that, and writ to her. and did I know not what——But, upon my Reputation, ſhe did me wrong——Well, well, that was Malice——But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one that we all know——A Man too. Only to bring me into Diſgrace with a certain Woman of Quality——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that——Yes, yes, every body knows——No doubt on't, every body knows my Secrets——But I ſoon ſatisfy'd the Lady of my Innocence; for I told her——Madam, ſays I, there are ſome Perſons who make it their Buſineſs to tell Stories, and ſay this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the World; and, ſays I, if your Grace——

Scan. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I ſaid? my Unlucky Tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why, *Tattle*, thou haſt more Impudence than one can in reaſon expect: I ſhall have an eſteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you ſay to her Grace?

Val. I confeſs this is ſomething extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a Word, as I hope to be ſav'd; an errant *Lapſus Linguæ*——Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit your ſelf?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you——a Woman of ord'nary Rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her ſomething or other, faith——I know not what——Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe. [*Hums a Song.*

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we ſhould enquire.

Tatt. Valentine, I Supp'd laſt Night with your Miſtreſs, and her Unkle Old *Foreſight*: I think your Father lies at *Foreſight's*.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my Soul *Angelica*'s a fine Woman——And ſo is Mrs. *Foreſight*, and her Siſter Mrs. *Frail.*

Scan. Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman, we all know her.

Tatt. Oh that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tatt. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*?

Tatt. Who I? Upon Honour I don't know whether ſhe be Man or Woman; but by the ſmoothneſs of her Chin, and roundneſs of her Lips.

Scan. No!

Tatt. No.

Scan. She ſays otherwiſe.

Tatt. Impoſſible!

Scan. Yes Faith. Ask *Valentine* elſe.

Tatt. Why then, as I hope to be ſav'd, I believe a Woman only obliges a Man to Secreſie, that ſhe may have the pleaſure of telling her ſelf.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has ſhe done you wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

Tatt. Tho' I have more Honour than to tell firſt; I have more Manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am ſtrangely ſurpriz'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if ſhe taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, ſhe ſees *Valentine* every Morning.

Tatt. How!

Val. She does me the favour——I mean of a Viſit ſometimes. I did not think ſhe had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I faith——But *Tattle* does not uſe to bely a Lady; it is contrary to his Character——How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine*?

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

Scan. I'm reſolv'd I'll ask her.

Tatt. O Barbarous! why did you not tell me——

Scan. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask *Valentine.*

Val. What

Val. What did I ſay? I hope you won't bring me to confeſs an Anſwer, when you never ask'd me the Queſtion.

Tatt. But, Gentlemen, this is the moſt inhumane Proceeding—

Val. Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid ſuch a palpable Decoy as this was; the Ladies have a fine time, whoſe Reputations are in your keeping.

Enter Jeremy.

Jere. Sir, Mrs. *Frail* has ſent to know if you are ſtirring.

Val. Shew her up, when ſhe comes. [*Exit* Jere.

Tatt. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Have you not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more Diſcretion, than to give *Scandal* ſuch an Advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. Scandal, you will not be ſo ungenerous——— O, I ſhall loſe my Reputation of Secreſie for ever——— I ſhall never be receiv'd but upon Publick Days; and my Viſits will never be admitted beyond a Drawing-Room: I ſhall never ſee a Bed-Chamber again, never be lock't in a Cloſet, nor run behind a Screen, or under a Table; never be diſtinguiſh'd among the Waiting-Women by the Name of Truſty Mr. *Tattle* more——— You will not be ſo cruel.

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any Conditions.

Tatt. Any, any Terms.

Scan. Come then, ſacrifice half a Dozen Women of good Reputation to me preſently—— Come, where are your familiar—— And ſee that they are Women of Quality too, the firſt Quality——

Tatt. 'Tis very hard——— Won't a Baronet's Lady paſs?

Scan. No, nothing under a Right Honourable.

Tatt. O inhumane! You don't expect their Names.

Scan. No, their Titles ſhall ſerve.

Tatt. Alas, that's the ſame thing: Pray ſpare me their Titles; I'll deſcribe their Perſons.

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are ſo ill a Painter, that I cannot know the Perſon by your Picture of her, you

you muſt be condemn'd, like other bad Painters, to write the Name at the bottom.

Tatt. Well, firſt then——

Enter Mrs. Frail.

O unfortunate! ſhe's come already; will you have Patience till another time——I'll double the number.

Scan. Well, on that Condition—— Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. *Frail.* Hey day! I ſhall get a fine Reputation, by coming to ſee Fellows in a Morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too? Oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is ſafe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tatt. Mum——O Madam, you do me too much Honour.

Val. Well Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica*?

Frail. Angelica? Manners!

Val. What you will allow an abſent Lover——

Frail. No, I'll allow a Lover preſent with his Miſtreſs to be particular——But otherwiſe I think his Paſſion ought to give place to his Manners.

Val. But what if he have more Paſſion than Manners?

Frail. Then let him Marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualifie the Fury of his Paſſion, but it very rarely mends a Man's Manners.

Frail. You are the moſt miſtaken in the World; there is no Creature perfectly Civil, but a Husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is the higheſt good Breeding, for it begets his Civility to other People. Well, I'll tell you News; but I ſuppoſe you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Foreſight*'s Daughter is come out of the Country——I aſſure you, there's a Match talk'd of by the Old People——Well, if he be but as great a Sea-Beaſt, as ſhe is a Land-Monſter, we ſhall have a moſt Amphibious Breed—— The Progeny will be all Otters: he has been bred at Sea, and ſhe has never been out of the Country.

Val. Pox take 'em, their Conjunction bodes no good, I'm ſure.

Frail. Now you talk of Conjunction, my Brother *Foreſight* has caſt both their Nativities, and prognoſticates an Admiral and an

an eminent Juſtice of the Peace to be the Iſſue-Male of their two Bodies; 'tis the moſt ſuperſtitious Old Fool! He would have perſwaded me, that this was an Unlucky Day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: But I invented a Dream, and ſent him to *Artimodorus* for Interpretation, and ſo ſtole out to ſee you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I muſt have ſomething.

Val. Step into the next Room——and I'll give you ſomething.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you ſomething.

Frail. Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a Secret.

Frail. I thought you would give me ſomething, that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* ſhall give you a good Name.

Frail. That's more than he has for himſelf. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle*?

Tatt. I? My Soul, Madam.

Frail. Pooh, No I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and ſee you one of theſe Mornings: I hear you have a great many Pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good Collection at your Service, ſome Originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seaſons* and the *Twelve Cæſars*, paultry Copies; and the *Five Senſes*, as ill repreſented as they are in himſelf: And he himſelf is the only Original you will ſee there.

Frail. Ay, but I hear he has a Cloſet of Beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him Favours, if you will believe him.

Frail. Ay, let me ſee thoſe, Mr. *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh Madam, thoſe are Sacred to Love and Contemplation. No Man but the Painter and my ſelf was ever bleſt with the Sight.

Frail. Well, but a Woman——

Tatt. Nor Woman, till ſhe conſented to have her Picture there too——for then ſhe is obliged to keep the Secret.

Scan. No, no; come to me if you wou'd ſee Pictures.

Frail. You?

Scan. Yes Faith, I can ſhew you your own Picture, and moſt of your Acquaintance to the Life, and as like as at *Knellers*.

Frail.

Frail. O lying Creature—— *Valentine*, does not he lye?—— I can't believe a word he ſays.

Val. No indeed, he ſpeaks truth now: For as *Tattle* has Pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him; If Satyrs, Deſcriptions, Characters and Lampoons are Pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are moſt in black and white. ——And yet there are ſome ſet out in their true Colours, both Men and Women. I can ſhew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonneſs, Inconſtancy, Covetouſneſs, Diſſimulation, Malice, and Ignorance, all in one Piece. Then I can ſhew you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardiſe, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence and Uglineſs in another Piece; and yet one of theſe is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profeſt Beau. I have Paintings too, ſome pleaſant enough.

Frail. Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a Beau in a Bagnio, Cupping for a Complexion, and Sweating for a Shape.

Frail. So.

Scan. Then I have a Lady burning of Brandy in a Cellar with a Hackney-Coachman.

Frail. O Devil! Well, but that Story is not true.

Scan. I have ſome Hieroglyphicks too; I have a Lawyer with a hundred Hands, two Heads, and but one Face; a Divine with two Faces, and one Head; and I have a Soldier with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his Head ſhou'd be.

Frail. And no Head?

Scan. No Head.

Frail. Pooh, this is all Invention. Have you ne're a Poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a Poet weighing Words, and ſelling Praiſe for Praiſe, and a Critick picking his Pocket. I have another large Piece too, repreſenting a School; where there are huge Proportion'd Criticks, with long Wigs, Lac'd Coats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces; with Cat-calls in their Hands, and Horn-books about their Necks. I have many more of this kind, very well Painted, as you ſhall ſee.

Frail. Well, I'll come, if it be only to diſprove you.

Enter

Enter Jeremy.

Jere. Sir, here's the Steward again from your Father.

Val. I'll come to him——will you give me leave, I'll wait on you again preſently.

Frail. No, I'll be gone. Come, who Squires me to the *Exchange*, I muſt call my Siſter *Foreſight* there.

Scan. I will; I have a mind to your Siſter.

Frail. Civil!

Tatt. I will; becauſe I have a tender for your Ladiſhip.

Frail. That's ſomewhat the better reaſon, to my Opinion.

Scan. VVell, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better opportunity to engage your Siſter.

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard Conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to ſee her.

Scan. I'll give an account of you, and your Proceedings. If Indiſcretion be a ſign of Love, you are the moſt a Lover of any Body that I know: You fancy that parting with your Eſtate, will help you to your Miſtreſs.——In my mind he is a thoughtleſs Adventurer,

VVho hopes to purchaſe VVealth, by ſelling Land;
Or win a Miſtreſs, with a loſing hand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Foreſight's *Houſe.*

Foreſight and Servant.

Fore. HEy day! VVhat are all the VVomen of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come home? Nor my Siſter, nor my Daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the Moon is in all her Fortitudes; Is my Neice *Angelica* at home?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lie, Sir.

Serv. Sr?

Fore. I ſay you lie, Sir. It is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be as I wou'd have it; for I was born, Sir, when the Crab was aſcending, and all my Affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, *I* know you can't, Sir: But I can tell, Sir, and foretell, Sir.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe, Where's your young Miſtreſs?

Nurſe. Wee'll heart, *I* know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor Child, I warrant ſhe's fond o'ſeeing the Town,—Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her any Dinner,—good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha, O ſtrange; I'll vow and ſwear now, ha, ha, ha, Marry and did you ever ſee the like!

Fore. Why how now, what's the matter?

Nurſe. Pray Heav'n ſend your Worſhip good Luck, Marry and Amen with all my heart, for you have put on one Stocking with the wrong ſide outward.

Fore. Ha, How? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and ſo I have, that may be good Luck in troth, in troth it may, very good Luck: Nay I have had ſome Omens; I got out of Bed backwards too this morning, without Premeditation; pretty good that too; but then *I* ſtumbl'd coming down Stairs, and met a Weaſel; bad Omens thoſe: ſome bad, ſome good, our lives are checquer'd, Mirth and Sorrow, Want and Plenty, Night and Day, make up our time, ——But in troth *I* am pleas'd at my Stocking. Very well pleas'd at my Stocking——Oh here's my Neice!——

Enter Angelica.

Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampſon Legend*, I'll wait on him, if he's at leiſure,——'tis now Three a Clock, a very good hour for Buſineſs, *Mercury* Governs this hour. [*Exit Servant.*

Ang. Is not it a good hour for Pleaſure too? Uncle, pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of Order.

Fore.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to day—— It is of evil portent, and bodes Miſchief to the Maſter of a Family——I remember an old Propheſie written by *Meſſehalah* the *Arabian*, and thus tranſlated by a Reverend *Buckinghamſhire* Bard.

When Houſewifes all the Houſe forſake,
And leave good Man to Brew and Bake,
Withouten Guile, then be it ſaid,
That Houſe doth ſtond upon its Head;
And when the Head is ſet in Stond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful ſtond.

Fruitful, the Head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the Fruit of the Head is Horns——Dear Neice, ſtay at home——For by the Head of the Houſe is meant the Husband; the Prophecy needs no Explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a Cuckold, Uncle, by going abroad; nor ſecure you from being one, by ſtaying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes; while there's one Woman left, the Propheſie is not in full Force.

Ang. But my Inclinations are in force, I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Scheme, and find who's in Conjunction with your Wife. Why don't you keep her at Home, if you're Jealous when ſhe's abroad? You know my Aunt is a little Retrograde (as you call it) in her Nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Aſcendant, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert——and always ridiculing that Celeſtial Science.

Ang. Nay Uncle, don't be angry—— If you are, I'll reap up all your falſe Prophecies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle Divinations. I'll ſwear you are a Nuſance to the Neighbourhood——What a Buſtle did you keep againſt the laſt Inviſible Eclipſe, laying in Proviſion as 'twere for a Siege? What a World of Fire and Candle, Matches and Tinderboxes did you purchaſe! One would have thought we were ever after to live under Ground, or at leaſt making a Voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark Seaſon.

Fore. Why, you malapert Slut——

Ang. Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on——Nay, I'll declare how you prophecy'd Popery was coming, only becauſe the Butler had miſlaid ſome of the Apoſtle's Spoons, and thought they were loſt. Away went Religion and Spoon-meat together—Indeed, Uncle, I'll indite you for a Wizard.

Fore. How Huſſie! was there ever ſuch a provoking Minx?

Nurſe. O merciful Father, how ſhe talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful Midnight Practices; you and the old Nurſe there——

Nurſe. Marry Heav'n defend——I at Midnight Practices——O Lord, what's here to do?——I in unlawful Doings with my Maſters Worſhip—— Why, did you ever hear the like now—— Sir, did ever I do any thing of your Midnight Concerns——but warm your Bed, and tuck you up, and ſet the Candle, and your Tobacco-Box, and your Urinal by you, and now and then rub the Soles of your Feet?——O Lord, I!——

Ang. Yes, I ſaw you together, through the Key-hole of the Cloſet, one Night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the Sieve and Sheers, and pricking your Thumbs, to write poor innocent Servants Names in Blood, about a little Nutmeg-Grater, which ſhe had forgot in the Caudle-Cup—— Nay, I know ſomething worſe, if I would ſpeak of it——

Fore. I defie you, Huſſie; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, Cockatrice; I'll hamper you——You have your Fortune in your own Hands—— But I'll find a way to make your Lover, your Prodigal Spendthrift Gallant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all ſhall out then——Look to it, Nurſe; I can bring Witneſs that you have a great unnatural Teat under your Left Arm, and he another; and that you Suckle a Young Devil in the Shape of a Tabby-Cat, by turns, I can.

Nurſe. A Teat, a Teat, I an unnatural Teat! O the falſe ſlanderous thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another Chriſtian, [*crying*] or any Teats, but two that han't given Suck this Thirty Years.

Fore. I will have Patience, ſince it is the Will of the Stars I ſhould be thus tormented——This is the effect of the malicious Conjunctions

Conjunctions and Oppoſitions in the Third Houſe of my Nativity; there the Curſe of Kindred was foretold—— But I will have my Doors lock'd up—— I'll puniſh you, not a Man ſhall enter my Houſe.

Ang. Do Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt come home—— You'll have a Letter for Alimony to morrow morning——But let me be gone firſt, and then let no Mankind come near the Houſe, but Converſe with Spirits and the Celeſtial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bleſs me! there are a great many Horn'd Beaſts among the Twelve Signs, Uncle. But Cuckolds go to Heav'n.

Fore But there's but one Virgin among the Twelve Signs, Spitfire, but one Virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if ſhe had had to do with any thing but Aſtrologers, Uncle. That makes my Aunt go abroad.

Fore. How? how? is that the reaſon? Come, you know ſomething; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good Neice——Come, you ſhall have my Coach and Horſes——Faith and Troth you ſhall—— Does my Wife complain? Come, I know Women tell one another——She is young and ſanguine, has a wanton Hazle Eye, and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to Society; ſhe has a Mole upon her Lip, with a moiſt Palm, and an open Liberality on the Mount of *Venus.*

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh?——Well Gentlewoman, I'll——But come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor Uncle, tell me—— won't you ſpeak? Odd I'll——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Sampſon* is coming down to wait upon you——

Ang. Good bu'y Uncle—— Call me a Chair——I'll find out my Aunt, and tell her, ſhe muſt not come home. [*Exit* Angelica *and Servant.*

Fore. I'm ſo perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him; I ſhall ſcarce recover my ſelf before the Hour be paſt: Go Nurſe, tell Sir *Sampſon* I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurſe. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fore. Well—

Fore. Well——Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's no more to be ſaid———

Enter Sir Sampſon Legend *with a Paper.*

Sir *Samp.* Nor no more to be done, Old Boy; that's plain——here 'tis, I have it in my Hand, Old *Ptolomee*; I'll make the ungracious Prodigal know who begat him; I will, old *Noſtrodamus*. What, I warrant my Son thought nothing belong'd to a Father, but Forgiveneſs and Affection; no Authority, no Correction, no Arbitrary Power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till Doomſday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under Black and White, *Signatum*, *Sigillatum*, and *Deliberatum*; that as ſoon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his Right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be——hah! old *Merlin!* body o' me, I'm ſo glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

Fore. Odſo, let me ſee; Let me ſee the Paper——Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold——I wiſh things were done, and the Conveyance made——When was this Sign'd, what Hour? Ods ſo, you ſhould have conſulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haſte——

Sir *Samp.* Haſte, ay, ay; haſte enough, my Son *Ben* will be in Town to night——I have order'd my Lawyer to draw up Writings of Settlement and Joynture——All ſhall be done to Night—No matter for the time; prithee, Brother *Foreſight*, leave Superſtition——Pox o'th' time; there's no time but the time preſent, there's no more to be ſaid of what's paſt, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun ſhine by Day, and the Stars by Night, why, we ſhall know one another's Faces without the help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for.

Fore. How, how? Sir *Sampſon*, that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir *Samp.* I tell you I am wiſe; and *ſapiens dominabitur aſtris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an Argument to confound your *Ephemeris*——Ignorant!——I tell you, I have travel'd old *Circu*, and know the Globe. I have ſeen the *Antipodes*, where the Sun riſes at Midnight, and ſets at Noon-day.

Fore. But

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the Cœleſtial *Spheres*, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their Houſes. Can judge of Motions Direct and Retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppoſitions*, Fiery *Trigons* and Aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether life ſhall be long or ſhort, Happy, or Unhappy, Whether Diſeaſes are Cureable or Incureable. If Journeys ſhall be proſperous, Undertakings ſucceſsful; or Goods ſtoll'n recover'd, I know———

Sir *Samp.* I know the length of the Emperour of *China*'s Foot; have kiſs'd the Great *Mogul*'s Slipper, and rid a Hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*.——Body of me, I have made a Cuckold of a King, and the preſent Majeſty of *Bantam* is the Iſſue of theſe Loyns.

Fore. I know when Travellers lye or ſpeak Truth, when they don't know it themſelves.

Sir *Samp.* I have known an Aſtrologer made a Cuckold in the twinckling of a Star; and ſeen a Conjurer, that cou'd not keep the Devil out of his Wives Circle.

Fore. What does he twit me with my Wife too, I muſt be better Inform'd of this,—[*Aſide.*]—Do you mean my Wife, Sir *Sampſon?* Tho' you made a Cuckold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the Body of the Sun——

Sir *Samp.* By the Horns of the Moon, you wou'd ſay, Brother *Capricorn.*

Fore. Capricorn in your Teeth, thou Modern *Mandevil*; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou Lyar of the firſt Magnitude. Take back your Paper of Inheritance; ſend your Son to Sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian* Mummy, e're ſhe ſhall Incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a defamer of Vertue.

Sir *Samp.* Body of me, I have gone too far;—I muſt not provoke honeſt *Albumazar*,——an *Egyptian* Mummy is an Illuſtrious Creature, my truſty Hieroglyphick; and may have ſignifications of futurity about him; Odsbuds, I wou'd my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy ſake. What, thou art not angry for a Jeſt, my good *Haly*——I Reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars with all my heart.——What, I'll make thee a Preſent of a Mummy: Now I think on't, Body of me, I have a Shoulder of an *Egyptian* King, that I purloyn'd from one of the Pyramids, powder'd with Hieroglyphicks,

glyphicks, thou ſhalt have it ſent home to thy Houſe, and make an Entertainment for all the *Philomaths*, and Students in Phyſick and Aſtrology in and about *London*.

Fore. But what do you know of my Wife, Sir *Sampſon*?

Sir *Samp.* Thy Wife is a Conſtellation of Vertues; ſhe's the Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon: Nay, ſhe is more Illuſtrious than the Moon; for ſhe has her Chaſtity without her Inconſtancy, 'S'bud I was but in Jeſt.

Enter Jeremy.

How now, who ſent for you? Ha! what wou'd you have?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in Jeſt.——Who's that Fellow? I don't like his Phyſiognomy.

Sir *Samp.* My Son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamin*, hoh?

Jere. No, Sir, Mr. *Valentine*, my Maſter,——'tis the firſt time he has been abroad ſince his Confinement, and he comes to pay his Duty to you.

Sir *Samp.* Well, Sir.

Enter Valentine.

Jere. He is here, Sir.

Val. Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* You've had it already, Sir, I think I ſent it you to day in a Bill of Four thouſand Pound: A great deal of Money, Brother *Foreſight*.

Fore. Aye indeed, Sir *Sampſon*, a great deal of Money for a young Man, I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, ſo do I.——Hearkye, *Valentine*, if there is too much, refund the Superfluity; Do'ſt hear Boy?

Val. Superfluity, Sir, it will ſcarce pay my Debts,—I hope you will have more Indulgence, than to oblige me to thoſe hard Conditions, which my neceſſity Sign'd to.

Sir *Samp.* Sir, how I beſeech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning Indulgence?

Val. Why, Sir, that you wou'd not go to the extremity of the Conditions, but releaſe me at leaſt from ſome part.— Sir

Sir *Samp.* Oh Sir, I underſtand you,—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I preſume to ask.——But what you, out of Fatherly fondneſs, will be pleas'd to add, ſhall be doubly welcome.

Sir *Samp.* No doubt of it, ſweet Sir, but your filial Piety, and my Fatherly fondneſs wou'd fit like two Tallies.—Here's a Rogue, Brother *Foreſight*, makes a Bargain under Hand and Seal in the Morning, and would be releas'd from it in the Afternoon; here's a Rogue, Dog, here's Conſcience and Honeſty; this is your Wit now, this is the Morality of your Wits! You are a Wit, and have been a Beau, and may be a——Why Sirrah, is it not here under Hand and Seal——Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.——

Sir *Samp.* Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I ſhall live to ſee you go up *Holborn-hill*,—Has he not a Rogues face?——Speak, Brother, you underſtand Phyſiognomy, a Hanging-look to me;——of all my Boys the moſt unlike me; a has a damn'd *Tyburn* face, without the benefit o' the Clergy.

Fore. Hum—truly I don't care to diſcourage a young Man,—he has a violent death in his face; but I hope no danger of Hanging.

Val. Sir, is this Uſage for your Son?——for that old, Weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, Sir——

Sir *Samp.* You Sir; and you Sir:—Why, who are you Sir?

Val. Your Son, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir *Samp.* What, wou'd you have your Mother a Whore! Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o' me——

Val. I would have an Excuſe for your Barbarity and Unnatural Uſage.

Sir Samp. Excuſe! Impudence! why Sirrah, mayn't I do what I pleaſe? Are not you my Slave? Did not I beget you? And might not I have choſen whether I would have begot you or no? Ouns who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to ſtand here, upon thoſe two Leggs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah? Anſwer me that? Did you come a Voluntier into the World? Or

did I beat up for you with the lawful Authority of a Parent, and preſs you to the ſervice?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I deſire you wou'd leave me as you found me.

Sir Samp. With all my heart: Come, Uncaſe, Strip, and go naked out of the World as you came into't.

Val. My Cloaths are ſoon put off:——But you muſt alſo deprive me of Reaſon, Thought, Paſſions, Inclinations, Affections, Appetites, Senſes, and the huge Train of Attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir Samp. Body o' me, what a many headed Monſter have I propagated?

Val. I am of my ſelf, a plain eaſie ſimple Creature; and to be kept at ſmall expence; but the Retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are ſo many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have employment.

Sir *Samp.* 'Oons, what had I to do to get Children,——can't a private man be born without all theſe followers:——Why nothing under an Emperour ſhould be born with Appetites,——Why at this rate a fellow that has but a Groat in his Pocket, may have a Stomach capable of a Ten Shilling Ordinary.

Jere. Nay, that's as clear as the Sun; I'll make Oath of it before any Juſtice in *Middleſex.*

Sir *Samp.* Here's a Cormorant too,——'S'heart this Fellow was not born with you?——I did not beget him, did I?——

Jere. By the Proviſion that's made for me, you might have begot me too:——Nay, and to tell your Worſhip another truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with thoſe ſame Whoreſon Appetites too; that my Maſter ſpeaks of.

Sir *Samp.* Why look you there now,——I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right Reaſon, this fellow ought to have been born without a Palate.—'S'heart, what ſhou'd he do with a diſtinguiſhing taſte?—I warrant now he'd rather eat a Pheaſant, than a piece of poor *John*; and ſmell, now, why *I* warrant he can ſmell, and loves Perfumes above a ſtink.—Why there's it; and Muſick, don't you love Muſick Scoundrell?

Jere. Yes, *I* have a reaſonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jiggs and Country Dances; and the like; I don't much matter your *Sola*'s or *Sonata*'s, they give me the Spleen.

Sir

Sir *Samp.* The Spleen, ha, ha, ha, a Pox confound you—*Sola's* and *Sonata's*?'Oons whoſe Son are you? how were you engendred, Muckworm?

Jere. I am by my Father, the Son of a Chair-man, my Mother ſold Oyſters in Winter, and Cucumbers in Summer; and *I* came up Stairs into the World; for *I* was born in a Cellar.

Fore. By your Looks, you ſhou'd go up Stairs out of the World too, Friend.

Sir *Samp.* And if this Rogue were Anatomiz'd now, and diſſected, he has his Veſſels of Digeſtion and Concoction, and ſo forth, large enough for the inſide of a Cardinal, this Son of a Cucumber.——Theſe things are unaccountable and unreaſonable,——Body of me, why was not *I* a Bear? that my Cubs might have liv'd upon ſucking their Paws; Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its Nutriment in his own hands; and t'other ſpins his Habitation out of his Entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to ſupply all the Neceſſities of my Nature; if *I* had my right of Inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again! 'Ouns han't you four thouſand Pound——If *I* had it again, *I* wou'd not give thee a Groat,——What would'ſt thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own Vitals?——'S'heart, live by your Wits,—You were always fond of the Wits,—Now let's ſee, if you have Wit enough to keep your ſelf?—Your Brother will be in Town to Night, or to morrow morning, and then look you perform Covenants, and ſo your Friend and Servant.——Come Brother *Foreſight.*

[*Exeunt Sir* Samp. *and* Foreſight.

Jere. *I* told you what your Viſit wou'd come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as *I* expected—*I* did not come to ſee him: *I* came to *Angelica*; but ſince ſhe was gone abroad, it was eaſily turn'd another way; and at leaſt look'd well on my ſide: What's here? Mrs. *Foreſight* and Mrs. *Frail*, they are earneſt,——*I'll* avoid 'em,——Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

Enter Mrs. Foreſight *and Mrs.* Frail.

Mrs. Frail. What have you to do to watch me?——'S'life *I'll* do what *I* pleaſe.

Mrs. Fore. You will?

Frail. Yes marry will *I*——A great piece of buſineſs to go to *Covent-Garden Square* in a Hackney-Coach, and take a turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. *Fore.* Nay, two or three Turns, *I*'ll take my Oath.

Frail. Well, what if *I* took twenty——*I* warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent Recreation.——Lord, where's the comfort of this Life, if we can't have the happineſs of converſing where we like.

Mrs. *Fore.* But can't you converſe at home?——*I* own it, *I* think there's no happineſs like converſing with an agreeable man; *I* don't quarrel at that, nor *I* don't think but your Converſation was very innocent; but the place is publick, and to be ſeen with a man in a Hackney-Coach is ſcandalous: What if any Body elſe ſhou'd have ſeen you alight as *I* did?——How can any Body be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being ſeen and cenſur'd?—Beſides it wou'd not only reflect upon you, Siſter, but me.

Frail. Pooh, here's a Clutter——why ſhould it reflect upon you?——*I* don't doubt but you have thought your ſelf happy in a Hackney-Coach before now.——If *I* had gone to *Knights-bridge*, or to *Chelſey*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a man alone——ſomething might have been ſaid.

Mrs. *Fore.* Why, was *I* ever in any of theſe places? What do you mean Siſter?

Frail. Was *I*? what do you mean?

Mrs. *Fore.* You have been at a worſe place.

Frail. I at a worſe place, and with a man!

Mrs. *Fore.* *I* ſuppoſe you would not go alone to the *World's-End.*

Frail. The World's end! What do you mean to Banter me?

Mrs. *Fore.* Poor innocent! you don't know that there's a place call'd the *World's-End?* I'll ſwear you can keep your Countenance purely, you'd make an Admirable Player.

Frail. I'll ſwear you have a great deal of Impudence, and in my mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. *Fore.* Very well, that will appear who has moſt, You never were at the *World's End*?

Frail.

Frail. No.

Mrs. Fore. You deny it poſitively to my Face.

Frail. Your Face, what's Your Face?

Mrs. Fore. No matter for that, it's as good a Face as Yours.

Frail. Not by a Dozen Years wearing.——But I do deny it poſitively to Your Face then.

Mrs Fore. I'll allow You now to find fault with my Face;—for I'll ſwear your impudence has put me out of Countenance:—But look you here now,—where did you loſe this Gold Bodkin?—Oh Siſter, Siſter!

Frail. My Bodkin!

Mrs Fore. Nay, 'tis Yours, look at it.

Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin?—Oh Siſter, Siſter!—Siſter every way.

Mrs Fore. O Devil on't, that I cou'd not diſcover her, without betraying my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Frail. I have heard Gentlemen ſay, Siſter; that one ſhould take great care, when one makes a thruſt in Fencing, not to lie open ones ſelf.

Mrs Fore. It's very true, Siſter: Well ſince all's out, and as you ſay, ſince we are both Wounded, let us do that is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Frail. With all my heart, ours are but ſlight Fleſh-wounds, and if we keep 'em from Air, not at all dangerous: Well, give me Your Hand in token of ſiſterly ſecreſie and affection.

Mrs Fore. Here 'tis with all my heart.

Frail. Well, as an earneſt of Friendſhip and Confidence: I'll acquaint You with a deſign that I have: To tell Truth, and ſpeak openly one to another; I'm afraid the World have obſerv'd us more than we have obſerv'd one another. You have a Rich Husband, and are provided for, *I* am at a loſs, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore muſt look ſharply about me. Sir *Sampſon* has a *Son* that is expected to Night; and by the Account I have heard of his Education, can be no Conjurer: The Eſtate You know is to be made over to him:——Now if I cou'd wheedle him, Siſter, ha? You underſtand me?

Mrs Fore.

Mrs. *Fore.* I do; and will help you to the utmoſt of my power——And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkard Daughter-in-Law, who you know is deſign'd for his Wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle*; now if we can improve that, and make her have an Averſion for the Booby, it may go a great way towards his liking of you. Here they come together; and let us contrive ſome way or other to leave 'em together.

Enter Tattle, *and Miſs* Pru.

Miſs *Pru.* Mother, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs. *Fore.* Fie, fie, Miſs, how you bawl——beſides, I have told you, you muſt not call me Mother.

Miſs *Pru.* What muſt I call you then, are not you my Father's Wife?

Mrs. *Fore.* Madam; you muſt ſay Madam——By my Soul, I ſhall fancy my ſelf Old indeed, to have this great Girl call me Mother——Well, but Miſs, what are you ſo overjoy'd at?

Miſs *Pru.* Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has giv'n me——Look you here Couſin, here's a Snuff-box; nay, there's Snuff in't;——here, will you have any——Oh good! how ſweet it is——Mr. *Tattle* is all over ſweet, his Perruke is ſweet, and his Gloves are ſweet,——and his Handkerchief is ſweet, pure ſweet, ſweeter than Roſes——Smell him Mother, Madam, I mean—— He gave me this Ring for a kiſs.

Tatt. O fie Miſs, you muſt not kiſs and tell.

Miſs *Pru.* Yes; I may tell my Mother——And he ſays he'll give me ſomething to make me ſmell ſo——Oh pray lend me your Handkerchief——Smell Couſin; he ſays, he'll give me ſomething that will make my Smocks ſmell this way——Is not it pure?——It's better than Lavender mun——I'm reſolv'd I won't let Nurſe put any more Lavender among my Smocks——ha, Couſin?

Frail. Fie, Miſs; amongſt your Linnen, you muſt ſay——You muſt never ſay Smock.

Miſs *Pru.* Why, It is not bawdy, is it Couſin?

Tatt. Oh Madam; you are too ſevere upon Miſs; you muſt not find fault with her pretty ſimplicity, it becomes her ſtrange-

ſtrangely——pretty Miſs, don't let 'em perſwade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, Demm you Toad——I wiſh you don't perſwade her out of her Innocency.

Tatt. Who I, Madam?——Oh Lord, how can your Ladyſhip have ſuch a thought——ſure you don't know me?

Frail. Ah Devil, ſly Devil——He's as cloſe, Siſter, as a Confeſſor——He thinks we don't obſerve him.

Mrs. Fore. A cunning Cur; how ſoon he cou'd find out a freſh harmleſs Creature; and left us, Siſter, preſently.

Tatt. Upon Reputation.——

Mrs. Fore. They're all ſo, Siſter, theſe Men——they love to have the ſpoiling of a Young Thing, they are as fond of it, as of being firſt in the Faſhion, or of ſeeing a new Play the firſt day,——I warrant it wou'd break *Mr. Tattle*'s Heart, to think that any body elſe ſhou'd be before-hand with him.

Tatt. Oh Lord, I ſwear I wou'd not for the World——

Frail. O hang you; who'll believe you?——You'd be hang'd before you'd confeſs——we know you——ſhe's very pretty!——Lord, what pure red and white!——ſhe looks ſo wholſome;——ne're ſtir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a Man——

Miſs Pru. How you love to jear one, Couſin.

Mrs. Fore. Hark'ee, Siſter——by my Soul the Girl is ſpoil'd already——d'ee think ſhee'll ever endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin——Gad I warrant you, ſhe won't let him come near her, after *Mr. Tattle*.

Frail. O' my Soul, I'm afraid not——eh!——filthy Creature, that ſmells all of Pitch and Tarr——Devil take you, you confounded Toad——why did you ſee her, before ſhe was Married?

Mrs. Fore. Nay, why did we let him——my Husband will hang us——He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Frail. Come, Faith let us be gone——If my Brother *Foreſight* ſhou'd find us with them;——He'd think ſo, ſure enough.

Mrs. Fore. So he wou'd——but then leaving 'em together is as bad——And he's ſuch a ſly Devil, he'll never miſs an opportunity.

Frail.

Frail. I don't care; I won't be ſeen in't.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well, If you ſhould, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a world to anſwer for, remember I waſh my hands of it, I'm throughly Innocent. [*Exeunt* Mrs. Foreſight *and* Frail.

Miſs *Pru.* What makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle?* What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my Dear——I think I can gueſs——But hang me if I know the reaſon of it.

Miſs *Pru.* Come, muſt not we go too?

Tatt. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miſs *Pru.* No! what then? what ſhall you and I do together?

Tatt. I muſt make Love to you, pretty Miſs; will you let me make Love to you?

Miſs *Pru.* Yes, if you pleaſe.

Tatt. Frank, I Gad at leaſt. What a Pox do's Mrs. *Foreſight* mean by this Civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? Or do's ſhe leave us together out of good Morality, and do as ſhe would be done by——Gad I'll underſtand it ſo. [*Aſide.*

Miſs *Pru.* Well; And how will you make Love to me——Come, I long to have you begin;——muſt I make Love too? You muſt tell me how.

Tatt. You muſt let me ſpeak Miſs, you muſt not ſpeak firſt; I muſt ask you Queſtions, and you muſt anſwer.

Miſs *Pru.* What, is it like the Catechiſme?——Come then ask me.

Tatt. De'e you think you can Love me?

Miſs *Pru.* Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, Pox, you muſt not ſay yes already; I ſhan't care a Farthing for you then in a twinckling.

Miſs *Pru.* What muſt I ſay then?

Tatt. Why you muſt ſay no, or you believe not, or you can't tell—

Miſs Pru. Why, muſt I tell a Lie then?

Tatt. Yes, if you would be well bred. All well-bred Perſons Lie——Beſides, you are a Woman, You muſt never ſpeak what you think: Your words muſt contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can Love me, you muſt ſay no, but you muſt Love me too——If I tell you you are Handſome, you muſt deny it, and ſay I flatter you——But you muſt think your ſelf more Charming

Charming than I ſpeak you:—And like me, for the Beauty which I ſay you have, as much as if I had it my ſelf—If I ask you to Kiſs me, you muſt be angry, but you muſt not refuſe me. If I ask you for more, you muſt be more angry,—but more complying; and as ſoon as ever I make you ſay you'l cry out, you muſt be ſure to hold your Tongue.

Miſs. O Lord, I ſwear this is pure,—I like it better than our old faſhion'd Country way of ſpeaking ones mind;——and muſt not you lie too?

Tatt. Hum——Yes——But you muſt believe I ſpeak Truth.

Miſs. O *Gemini!* well, I always had a great mind to tell Lies—but they frighted me, and ſaid it was a ſin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty Creature; will you make me happy by giving me a Kiſs?

Miſs. No, indeed; I'm angry at you.——[*Runs and Kiſſes Him.*

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well,——but you ſhould not have given it me, but have ſuffer'd me to take it.

Miſs. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my heart,—Now then my little Angel. [*Kiſſes her.*

Miſs. Piſh.

Tatt. That's right,——again my Charmer. [*Kiſſes again.*

Miſs. O fie, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-Garden*, all the days of your Life;——And won't you ſhew me, pretty *Miſs*, where your Bed-Chamber is?

Miſs. No, indeed won't I: But I'll run there, and hide my ſelf from you behind the Curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miſs. Ah, but I'll hold the Door with both Hands, and be angry;——and you ſhall puſh me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in firſt, and puſh you down afterwards.

Miſs. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miſs. Oh but you ſha'nt, for I'll hold my Tongue.——

Tatt. Oh my Dear, apt Scholar.

Miſs. Well, now I'll run and make more haſte than you. [*Ex.* Miſs.

Tatt. You ſhall not fly ſo faſt, as I'll purſue. [*Exit after Her.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. MIſs, Miſs, Miſs *Prue*—— Mercy on me, marry and Amen: Why, what's become of the Child?—— Why Miſs, Miſs *Foreſight*—— Sure ſhe has not lock'd her ſelf up in her Chamber, and gone to ſleep, or to Prayers; Miſs, Miſs, I hear her—— Come to your Father, Child: Open the Door—— Open the Door Miſs—— I hear you cry huſht—— O Lord, who's there? [*peeps*] What's here to do?—— O the Father! a Man with her!—— Why, Miſs I ſay, God's my Life, here's fine doings towards—— O Lord, We're all undone—— O you young Harlotry [*knocks*] Ods my Life, won't you open the Door? I'll come in the back way. [*Exit.*

Tattle *and* Miſs *at the Door.*

Miſs. O Lord, ſhe's coming—— and ſhe'll tell my Father, what ſhall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her; if ſhe had ſtaid two Minutes longer, I ſhou'd have wiſh'd for her coming.

Miſs. O Dear, what ſhall I ſay? Tell me, Mr. *Tattle*, tell me a Lie.

Tatt. There's no occaſion for a Lie; I cou'd never tell a Lie to no purpoſe—But ſince we have done nothing, we muſt ſay nothing, I think. I hear her—— I'll leave you together, and come off as you can. [*Thruſts her in, and ſhuts the Door.*

Enter Valentine, Scandal, *and* Angelica.

Ang. You can't accuſe me of Inconſtancy; I never told you, that I lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuſe you of Uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or no.

Ang. You miſtake Indifference for Uncertainty; I never had Concern enough to ask my ſelf the Queſtion.

Scan. Nor

Scan. Nor good Nature enough to anſwer him that did ask you: I'll ſay that for you, Madam.

Ang. What, are you ſetting up for good Nature?

Scan. Only for the affectation of it, as the Women do for ill Nature.

Ang. Perſwade your Friend, that it is all Affectation.

Val. I ſhall receive no Benefit from the Opinion: For I know no effectual Difference between continued Affectation and Reality.

Tatt. } *Scandal*, are you in private Diſcourſe, any thing of *coming up.* } Secreſie? [*Aſide to* Scandal.

Scan. Yes, but I dare truſt you; We were talking of *Angelica*'s Love for *Valentine*; you won't ſpeak of it.

Tatt. No, no, not a Syllable——— I know that's a Secret, for it's whiſper'd every where.

Scan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. What is, Mr. *Tattle*? I heard you ſay ſomething was whiſper'd every where.

Scan. Your Love of *Valentine.*

Ang. How!

Tatt. No, Madam, his Love for your Ladyſhip——Gad take me, I beg your Pardon——for I never heard a Word of your Ladyſhips Paſſion, till this inſtant.

Ang. My Paſſion! And who told you of my Paſſion, pray Sir?

Scan. Why, is the Devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a Secret?

Tatt. Gadſo; but I thought ſhe might have been truſted with her own Affairs.

Scan. Is that your Diſcretion? truſt a Woman with her ſelf?

Tatt. You ſay true, I beg your Pardon;— I'll bring all off— It was impoſſible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a Perſon of your Ladyſhip's Wit and Gallantry, could have ſo long receiv'd the paſſionate Adddreſſes of the accompliſht *Valentine*, and yet remain inſenſible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a juſt weight of his Merit, with your Ladyſhips good Judgment, I form'd the Ballance of a reciprocal Affection.

Val. O the Devil, what damn'd Coſtive Poet has given thee this Leſſon of Fuſtian to get by Rote?

Ang. I dare ſwear you wrong him, it is his own——— And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the Succeſs of others, from the Effects of his own Merit. For certainly Mr. *Tattle* was never deny'd any thing in his Life.

Tatt. O Lord! yes indeed, Madam, ſeveral times.

Ang. I ſwear I don't think 'tis poſſible.

Tatt. Yes, I vow and ſwear I have: Lord, Madam, I'm the moſt unfortunate Man in the World, and the moſt cruelly us'd by the Ladies.

Ang. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

Tatt. No, I hope not——'tis as much Ingratitude to own ſome Favours, as to conceal others.

Val. There, now it's out.

Ang. I don't underſtand you now. I thought you had never ask'd any thing, but what a Lady might modeſtly grant, and you confeſs.

Scan. So faith, your Buſineſs is done here; now you may go brag ſomewhere elſe.

Tatt. Brag! O Heav'ns! Why, did I name any body?

Ang. No; I ſuppoſe that is not in your Power; but you wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

Tatt. Not in my Power, Madam! What does your Ladyſhip mean, that I have no Womans Reputation in my Power?

Scan. Ouns, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aſide.*

Tatt. Faith, Madam, you're in the right; no more I have, as I hope to be ſav'd; I never had it in my Power to ſay any thing to a Lady's Prejudice in my Life——— For as I was telling you Madam, I have been the moſt unſucceſsful Creature living, in things of that nature; and never had the good Fortune to be truſted once with a Lady's Secret, not once.

Ang. No.

Val. Not once, I dare anſwer for him.

Scan. And I'll anſwer for him; for I'm ſure if he had, he wou'd have told me; I find, Madam, you don't know Mr. *Tattle.*

Tatt. No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all, I find: for ſure my intimate Friends wou'd have known———

Ang. Then

Ang. Then it ſeems you would have told, if you had been truſted.

Tatt. O pox, *Scandal*, that was too far put——Never have told Particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd as of a Third Perſon—— or have introduc'd an Amour of my own, in Converſation, by way of Novel: but never have explain'd Particulars.

Ang. But whence comes the Reputation of Mr. *Tattle*'s Secreſie, if he was never truſted?

Scan. Why thence it ariſes—— The thing is proverbially ſpoken; but may be apply'd to him—— As if we ſhou'd ſay in general Terms, He only is Secret who never was truſted; a Satyrical Proverb upon our Sex—— There's another upon yours——As ſhe is chaſte, who was never ask'd the Queſtion. That's all.

Val. A couple of very civil Proverbs, truly: 'Tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more obliged to you. For you found her Vertue, upon the Backwardneſs of the Men; and his Secreſie, upon the miſtruſt of the Women.

Tatt. Gad, it's very true, Madam, I think we are oblig'd to acquit our ſelves—— And for my part—— But your Ladyſhip is to ſpeak firſt——

Ang. Am I? Well, I freely confeſs I have reſiſted a great deal of Temptation.

Tatt. And I Gad, I have given ſome Temptation that has not been reſiſted.

Val. Good.

Ang. I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the Court, how fruitleſs he has found his Endeavours, and to confeſs all his Sollicitations and my Denials.

Val. I am ready to plead, Not guilty for you; and Guilty, for my ſelf.

Scan. So, why this is fair, here's Demonſtration with a Witneſs.

Tatt. Well, my Witneſſes are not preſent——But I confeſs I have had Favours from Perſons——But as the Favours are numberleſs, ſo the Perſons are nameleſs.

Scan. Pooh, pox, this proves nothing.

Tatt. No?

Tatt. No? I can ſhew Letters, Locketts, Pictures, and Rings; and if there be occaſion for Witneſſes, I can ſummon the Maids at the Chocolate-Houſes, all the Porters of *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the Door-keepers at the Play-Houſe, the Drawers at *Locket's*, *Pontack's*, the *Rummer*, *Spring-Garden*; my own Landlady and *Valet de Chambre*; all who ſhall make Oath, that I receive more Letters than the Secretary's Office; and that I have more Vizor-Masks to enquire for me, than ever went to ſee the Hermaphrodite, or the Naked Prince. And it is notorious, that in a Country Church, once, an Enquiry being made, who I was, it was anſwer'd, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruin'd ſo many Women.

Val. It was there, I ſuppoſe, you got the Nick-Name of the *Great Turk.*

Tatt. True; I was call'd *Turk-Tattle* all over the Pariſh——— The next *Sunday* all the Old Women kept their Daughters at home, and the Parſon had not half his Congregation. He wou'd have brought me into the Spiritual Court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handſom Daughter whom *I* initiated into the Science. But *I* repented it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in Town——— And a Lady of Quality that ſhall be nameleſs, in a raging Fit of Jealouſie, came down in her Coach and Six Horſes, and expos'd her ſelf upon my Account; Gad, *I* was ſorry for it with all my Heart——You know whom I mean——You know where we raffl'd———

Scan. Mum, *Tattle.*

Val. 'Sdeath, are not you aſham'd?

Ang. O barbarous! I never heard ſo inſolent a piece of Vanity——Fie, Mr. *Tattle*——I'll ſwear *I* could not have believ'd it———Is this your Secreſie?

Tatt. Gad ſo, the Heat of my Story carry'd me beyond my Diſcretion, as the Heat of the Lady's Paſſion hurry'd her beyond her Reputation——But *I* hope you don't know whom *I* mean; for there were a great many Ladies raffled——Pox on't, now could *I* bite off my Tongue.

Scan. No doubt on't; for then you'l tell us no more——— Come, I'll recommend a Song to you upon the Hint of my two Proverbs, and I ſee one in the next Room that will ſing it.

[*Goes to the Door.*

Tatt. For

Tatt. For Heavn's ſake, if you do gueſs, ſay nothing; Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

Re-enter Scandal, *with one to Sing.*

Scan. Pray ſing the firſt Song in the laſt New Play.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo *once pray'd,*
The Swain had been Filted, the Nymph been Be tray'd
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E're a Nymph that was Chaſte, or a Swain that was True.

2.

Apollo *was mute, and had like t' have been pos'd,*
But ſagely at length he this Secret diſclos'd:
He alone won't Betray in whom none will Confide,
And the Nymph may be Chaſte that has never been Try'd.

Enter Sir Sampſon, *Mrs.* Frail, Miſs, *and* Servant.

Sir *Sam.* Is *Ben* come? Odſo, my Son *Ben* come? Odd, I'm glad on't: Where is he? *I* long to ſee him. Now, Mrs. *Frail*, you ſhall ſee my Son *Ben*—— Body o'me, he's the Hopes of my Family—— *I* han't ſeen him theſe Three Years—— *I* warrant he's grown—— Call him in, bid him make haſte—— I'm ready to cry for Joy. [*Exit* Servant.

Mrs. *Frail.* Now Miſs, you ſhall ſee your Husband.

Miſs. Piſh, he ſhall be none of my Husband. [*Aſide to* Frail.

Mrs. *Frail.* Huſh: Well he ſhan't, leave that to me—— I'll beckon Mr. *Tattle* to us.

Ang. Won't

Ang. Won't you ſtay and ſee your Brother?

Val. We are the Twin-Stars, and cannot ſhine in one Sphere; when he Riſes *I* muſt Set——Beſides, if *I* ſhou'd ſtay, *I* don't know but my Father in good Nature may preſs one to the immediate Signing the Deed of Conveyance of my Eſtate, and I'll defer it as long as *I* can——Well, you'll come to a Reſolution.

Ang. *I* can't. Reſolution muſt come to me, or I ſhall never have one.

Scan. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've ſomething in my Head to communicate to you. [*Exit* Val. *and* Scandal.

Sir *Samp.* What, is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he ſneak'd off, and would not ſee his Brother? There's an Unnatural Whelp! There's an ill-natur'd Dog! What, were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him! Cou'd neither Love, nor Duty, nor Natural Affection oblige him. Odsbud, Madam, have no more to ſay to him; he is not worth your Conſideration. The Rogue has not a Drachm of Generous Love about him: All Intereſt, all Intereſt; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Eſtate: Body o' me, he does not care a Doit for your Perſon.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampſon*; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any thing in him, it ſhou'd have been his Eſtate too: But ſince that's gone, the Bait's off, and the naked Hook appears.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, well ſpoken; and you are a Wiſer Woman than I thought you were: For moſt young Women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked Hook.

Ang. If I marry, Sir *Sampſon*, I'm for a good Eſtate with any Man, and for any Man with a good Eſtate: Therefore if I were obliged to make a Choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir *Samp.* Faith and Troth you're a wiſe Woman, and I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo; I was afraid you were in Love with the Reprobate; Odd, I was ſorry for you with all my Heart: Hang him, Mungrel; caſt him off; you ſhall ſee the Rogue ſhew himſelf, and make Love to ſome deſponding *Cadua* of Fourſcore for Suſtenance. Odd, I love to ſee a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling to an Old Woman for Support, like Ivy round a dead Oak: Faith I do; I love to ſee 'em hug and cotten together, like Down upon a Thiſtle.

Enter

Enter Ben. Legend *and Servant.*

Ben. Where's Father?

Serv. There, Sir, his back's toward you.

Sir *Sam.* My Son *Ben*! bleſs thee my dear Boy; body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you Father, and I'm glad to ſee you.

Sir *Sam.* Odsbud, and I'm glad to ſee thee, kiſs me Boy, kiſs me again and again, dear *Ben.* [*Kiſſes him.*

Ben. So, ſo, enough Father——Meſs, I'de rather kiſs theſe Gentlewomen.

Sir *Sam.* And ſo thou ſhalt,——Mrs. *Angelica*, my Son *Ben.*

Ben. Forſooth an you pleaſe—[*Salutes her*] Nay Miſtreſs, I'm not for dropping Anchor here; About Ship I faith— [*kiſſes* Frail.] Nay, and you too, my little Cock-boat—ſo—— [*Kiſſes Miſs.*

Tatt. Sir, you're welcome a-ſhore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you Friend.

Sir *Sam.* Thou haſt been many a weary League *Ben*, ſince I ſaw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all——well Father, and how do all at home? How do's Brother *Dick*, and Brother *Val?*

Sir *Sam. Dick*, body o' me, *Dick* has been dead theſe two Years; I writ you word, when you were at *Legorne.*

Ben. Meſs, and that's true: marry I had forgot. *Dick*'s dead as you ſay——well, and how? I have a many Queſtions to ask you; well, you be'nt Marry'd again, Father, be you?

Sir *Sam.* No, I intend you ſhall Marry, *Ben*; I would not Marry for thy ſake.

Ben. Nay, what do's that ſignifie?—an you Marry again—Why then, I'll go to Sea again, ſo there's one for t'other, an that be all——Pray don't let me be your hindrance; e'en Marry a God's Name an the wind ſit that way. As for my part, may-hap I have no mind to Marry.

Frail. That wou'd be pity, ſuch a Handſome Young Gentleman.

Ben. Handſome! he, he, he, nay forſooth, an you be for Joking, I'll Joke with you, for I love my jeſt, an the Ship

were ſinking, as we ſayn at Sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much ſtand towards Matrimonie. I love to roam about from Port to Port, and from Land to Land: *I* could never abide to be Port-bound as we call it: Now a man that is marry'd, has as it were, d'ee ſee, his feet in the Bilboes, and may hap may'nt get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir *Samp* *Ben*'s a Wagg.

Ben. A man that is marri'd, d'ee ſee, is no more like another man, than a Galley-ſlave is like one of us free Sailors, he is chain'd to an Oar all his life; and may-hap forc'd to tug a leaky Veſſel into the Bargain.

Sir *Samp.* A very Wag, *Ben*'s a very Wag; only a little rough, he wants a little Poliſhing.

Frail. Not at all; I like his humour mightily, it's plain and honeſt, I ſhou'd like ſuch a humour in a Husband extreamly.

Ben. Say'n you ſo forſooth? Marry and I ſhou'd like ſuch a handſome Gentlewoman for a Bed-fellow hugely, how ſay you Miſtreſs, wou'd you like going to Sea? Meſs you're a tight Veſſel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well Mann'd.

Frail. I ſhou'd not doubt that, if you were Maſter of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to Sea in a high Wind, or that Lady. —— You mayn't carry ſo much Sail o' your Head——Top and Top-gallant by the Meſs.

Frail. No, why ſo?

Ben. Why an you do, You may run the risk to be overſet, and then you'll carry your Keels above Water, he, he, he.

Ang. I ſwear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the verrieſt Wag in nature; an abſolute Sea-wit.

Sir *Samp.* Nay, *Ben* has Parts, but as I told you before, they want a little Poliſhing: You muſt not take any thing ill, Madam.

Ben. No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: For if I give a Jeſt, I'll take a Jeſt: And ſo forſooth you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended; —— but me-

thinks

thinks Sir *Sampſon*, You ſhou'd leave him alone with his Miſtreſs. Mr. *Tattle*, we muſt not hinder Lovers.

Tatt. Well *Miſs*, I have your promiſe. [*Aſide to* Miſs.

Sir *Sam.* Body o' me, Madam, you ſay true:—— Look you *Ben*; this is your Miſtreſs,—Come *Miſs*, you muſt not be ſhamefac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miſs. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my Couſin ſtay with me?

Sir *Sam.* No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you Father, may-hap the young Woman may'nt take a liking to me.——

Sir *Sam.* I warrant thee Boy, Come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that. [*Exeunt all but* Ben *and* Miſs.

Ben. Come Miſtreſs, will you pleaſe to ſit down, for an you ſtand a ſtern a that'n, we ſhall never grapple together,—— Come, I'll haule a Chair; there, an you pleaſe to ſit, I'll ſit by you.

Miſs. You need not ſit ſo near one, if you have any thing to ſay, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true as you ſay, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another,—I'll heave off to pleaſe you. [*Sits further off.* An we were a League aſunder, I'de undertake to hold Diſcourſe with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. Look you forſooth, I am as it were, bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage d'ee ſee that was none of my ſeeking, I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may ſteer into your Harbour. How ſay you Miſtreſs? the ſhort of the thing is this, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to ſwing in a Hammock together.

Miſs. I don't know what to ſay to you, nor I don't care to ſpeak with you at all.

Ben. No, I'm ſorry for that.——But pray why are you ſo ſcornful?

Miſs. As long as one muſt not ſpeak one's mind, one had better not ſpeak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, You ſay true in that, it's but a folly to lie: For to ſpeak one thing, and to think juſt the contrary way; is as it were,

to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part d'ee ſee, I'm for carrying things above Board, I'm not for keeping any thing under Hatches,——ſo that if you ben't as willing as I, ſay ſo a God's name, there's no harm done; may-hap you may be ſhame-fac'd, ſome Maidens thof' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n ſo to's face: If that's the Caſe, why ſilence gives conſent.

Miſs. But I'm ſure it is not ſo, for I'll ſpeak ſooner than you ſhould believe that; and I'll ſpeak truth, tho' one ſhould always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, ſo I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: So, there's your anſwer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you Young Woman, You may learn to give good words however. I ſpoke you fair d'ee ſee, and civil.——As for your Love or your liking, I don't value it of a Rope's end;——And may-hap I like you as little as you do me:—What I ſaid was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you ſhou'd give ſuch Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o' Nine-tails laid croſs your Shoulders. Fleſh who are you? You heard t'other handſome Young Woman ſpeak civilly to me, of her own accord: Whatever you think of your ſelf, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Cann of Small-beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Miſs. Well, and there's a handſome Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a ſweet Gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him; and if he ſees you ſpeak to me any more, he'l thraſh your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-calf.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair-Weather Spark that was here juſt now? Will he thraſh my Jacket?—Let'n,—let'n,—But an he comes near me, may-hap I may giv'n a Salt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What do's Father mean to leave me alone as ſoon as *I* come home, with ſuch a dirty dowdy.—Sea-calf? I an't Calf enough to lick your Chalk'd face, You Cheeſe-curd you,——Marry thee! Oons I'll Marry a *Lapland*-Witch as ſoon, and live upon ſelling of contrary Winds, and Wrack'd Veſſels.

Miſs. *I* won't be call'd Names, nor *I* won't be abus'd thus, ſo *I* won't

won't.—If I were a man,——[*Crys.*]——You durſt not talk at this rate——No you durſt not, you ſtinking Tar-barrel.

Enter Mrs. Foreſight, *and* Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. *Fore.* They have quarrel'd juſt as we cou'd wiſh.

Ben. Tar-barrel? Let your Sweet-heart there call me ſo, if he'l take your part, Your *Tom Eſſence*, and I'll ſay ſomething to him; Gad I'll lace his Musk-Doublet for him, I'll make him ſtink; he ſhall ſmell more like a Weaſel than a Civet-Cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. *Fore.* Bleſs me, what's the matter? *Miſs*, what do's ſhe cry?—Mr. *Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: The more ſhe cries, the leſs ſhe'll——ſhe has been gathering foul weather in her Mouth, and now it rains out at her Eyes.

Mrs. *Fore.* Come, *Miſs*, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child.

Frail. Lord, what ſhall we do, there's my Brother *Foreſight*, and Sir *Sampſon* coming. Siſter, do you take *Miſs* down into the Parlour, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my Chamber, for they muſt not know that they are fall'n out.—Come, Sir, will you venture your ſelf with me? [*Looks kindly on Him.*

Ben. Venture, *Meſs*, and that I will, tho''twere to Sea in a Storm. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Sampſon *and* Foreſight.

Sir *Sam.* I left 'em together here; What are they gone? *Ben*'s a brisk Boy: He has got her into a Corner, Father's own Son faith, he'l touzle her, and mouzle her: The Rogue's ſharp ſet, coming from Sea, if he ſhould not ſtay for ſaying Grace, old *Foreſight*, but fall too without the help of a Parſon, ha? Odd if he ſhould I cou'd not be angry with him; twould be but like me, *A Chip of the Old Block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholly old Prognoſtication; As melancholly as if thou hadſt ſpilt the Salt, or par'd thy Nails of a Sunday:——Come, Cheer up, look about thee: Look up old Star-Gazer, Now is he poring upon the Ground for a crooked Pin, or an old Horſe-nail, with the head towards him.

Fore.

Fore. Sir *Sampſon*, we'll have the Wedding to morrow morning.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart.

Fore. At Ten a Clock, punctually at Ten.

Sir *Samp.* To a Minute, to a Second; thou ſhall ſet thy Watch, and the Bridegroom ſhall obſerve it's Motions; they ſhall be married to a Minute, go to Bed to a Minute; and when the Alarm ſtrikes, they ſhall keep time like the Figures of St. *Dunſtan's* Clock, and *Conſummatum eſt* ſhall ring all over the Pariſh.

Enter Scandal.

Scan. Sir *Sampſon*, ſad News.

Fore. Bleſs us!

Sir *Samp.* Why, what's the matter?

Scan. Can't you gueſs at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing elſe.

Sir *Samp.* Body o' me, I don't know any univerſal Grievance, but a new Tax, and the loſs of the Canary Fleet. Without Popery ſhou'd be landed in the *Weſt*, or the *French* Fleet were at Anchor at *Blackwall.*

Scan. No. Undoubtedly Mr. *Foreſight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no Earthquake!

Scan. No, not yet; nor Whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to—— But it has had a Conſequence already that touches us all.

Sir *Samp.* Why, body o' me, out with't.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine*—— He's gone to Bed upon't, and very ill—— He ſpeaks little, yet ſays he has a World to ſay. Asks for his Father and the Wife *Foreſight*; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghoſt of *Lilly.* He has Secrets to impart I ſuppoſe to you two. I can get nothing out of him but Sighs. He deſires he may ſee you in the Morning, but would not be diſturb'd to Night, becauſe he has ſome Buſineſs to do in a Dream.

Sir *Samp.* Hoity toity, What have I to do with his Dreams or his Divination—— Body o' me, this is a Trick to defer Signing the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a Dream, that he muſt not part with his Eſtate: But I'll bring him a Parſon to tell him, that the Devil's a Liar——Or if that won't do, I'll bring

bring a Lawyer that ſhall out-lie the Devil. And ſo I'll try whether my Black-Guard or his ſhall get the better of the Day. [*Exit.*

Scan. Alas, Mr. *Foreſight*, I'm afraid all is not right——You are a Wiſe Man, and a Conſcientious Man; a Searcher into Obſcurity and Futurity; and if you commit an Error, it is with a great deal of Conſideration, and Diſcretion, and Caution——

Fore. Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifeſt; I do not flatter you—— But Sir *Sampſon* is haſty, very haſty;—I'm afraid he is not ſcrupulous enough, Mr. *Foreſight*——He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in his Affair with you——But my Mind gives me, theſe things cannot be wholly inſignificant. You are wiſe, and ſhou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you ſhou'd not——

Fore. Alas, Mr. *Scandal*—— *Humanum eſt errare.*

Scan. You ſay true, Man will err; meer Man will err—— but you are ſomething more—— There have been wiſe Men; but they were ſuch as you——Men who conſu'ted the Stars, and were Obſervers of Omens—— *Salomon* was wiſe, but how?——by his Judgment in Aſtrology——So ſays *Pineda* in his Third Book and Eighth Chapter——

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. A Trifler——but a Lover of Art—— And the Wiſe Men of the *Eaſt* ow'd their Inſtruction to a Star, which is rightly obſerv'd by *Gregory* the Great in favour of Aſtrology! And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the moſt valuable Science, Becauſe, ſays he, it teaches us to conſider the Cauſation of Cauſes, in the Cauſes of things.

Fore. I proteſt I honour you, Mr. *Scandal*—I did not think you had been read in theſe matters— Few Young Men are inclin'd—

Scan. I thank my Stars that have inclin'd me——But I fear this Marriage and making over this Eſtate, this transferring of a rightful Inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us. *I* propheſie it, and I wou'd not have the Fate of *Caſſandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is diſturb'd, what can be the Cauſe of that? And Sir *Sampſon* is hurry'd on by an unuſual Violence——I fear he does not act wholly from himſelf; methinks he does not look as he uſed to do.

Fore. He

Fore. He was always of an impetuous Nature——But as to this marriage I have conſulted the Science; and all Appearances are proſperous——

Scan. Come, come, *Mr. Foreſight*, let not the Proſpect of Worldly Lucre carry you beyond your Judgment, nor againſt your Conſcience— You are not ſatisfy'd that you act juſtly.

Fore. How!

Scan. You are not ſatisfy'd, I ſay——I am loath to diſcourage you— But it is palpable that you are not ſatisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, *Mr. Scandal*, I think I am very well ſatisfy'd.

Scan. Either you ſuffer your ſelf to deceive your ſelf; or you do not know your ſelf.

Fore. Pray explain your ſelf.

Scan. Do you ſleep well o' nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? You do not look ſo.

Fore. I am in Health, I think.

Scan. So was *Valentine* this Morning; and look'd juſt ſo.

Fore. How! Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your Beard is longer than it was two Hours ago.

Fore. Indeed! bleſs me.

Enter Mrs. Foreſight.

Mrs. Fore. Husband, will you go to Bed? It's Ten a Clock. *Mr. Scandal*, your Servant——

Scan. Pox on her, ſhe has interrupted my Deſign——But I muſt work her into the Project. You keep early Hours, Madam.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Foreſight* is punctual, we ſit up after him.

Fore. My Dear, pray lend me your Glaſs, your little Looking-glaſs.

Scan. Pray lend it him, Madam—I'll tell you the reaſon. [*She gives him the Glaſs:* Scandal *and ſhe whiſper.*] My Paſſion for you is grown ſo violent— that I am no longer Maſter of my ſelf——*I* was interrupted in the morning, when you had Charity enough to give me your Attention, and *I* had Hopes of finding another opportunity of explaining my ſelf to you —— but was diſappointed all this day; and the Uneaſineſs that has attended me ever ſince, brings me now hither at this unſeaſonable hour——

Mrs. Fore.

Mrs. Fore. Was there ever ſuch Impudence, to make Love to me before my Husband's Face? I'll Swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do, I'll dye a Martyr, rather than diſclaim my Paſſion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what Project I had to get him out of the way; that I might have an opportunity of waiting upon you. [*Whiſper.*

[Foreſight *looking in the Glaſs.*]

Fore. I do not ſee any Revolution here;——Methinks I look with a ſerene and benign aſpect——pale, a little pale——but the Roſes of theſe Cheeks have been gather'd many Years;——ha! *I* do not like that ſuddain fluſhing——gone already!——hem, hem, hem! faintiſh. My Heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and my Pulſes ha!——*I* have none——Mercy on me——hum——Yes, here they are——Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whither will they hurry me?——Now they're gone again——And now I'm faint again; and pale again, and hem! and my hem!——breath, hem!——grows ſhort; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

Scan. It takes, purſue it in the name of Love and Pleaſure.

Mrs. Fore. How do you do, Mr. *Foreſight?*

Fore. Hum, not ſo well as *I* thought *I* was. Lend me your Hand.

Scan. Look you there now——Your Lady ſays your Sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs. Fore. O' mighty reſtleſs, but *I* was afraid to tell him ſo——He has been ſubject to Talking and Starting.

Scan. And did not uſe to be ſo.

Mrs. Fore. Never, never; till within theſe three Nights; *I* cannot ſay that he has once broken my Reſt, ſince we have been Marry'd.

Fore. I will go to Bed.

Scan. Do ſo, Mr. *Foreſight*, and ſay your Pray'rs;——He looks better than he did.

Mrs. Fore. Nurſe, Nurſe! [*Calls.*

Fore. Do you think ſo, Mr. *Scandal?*

Scan. Yes, yes, *I* hope this will be gone by Morning, taking it in time.——

Fore. I hope ſo.

Enter Nurſe.

Mrs. Fore. Nurſe; your Maſter is not well; put him to Bed.

Scan. I hope you will be able to ſee *Valentine* in the Morning,——you had beſt take a little Diacodion and Cowſlip water, and lye upon your back, may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you Mr. *Scandal*, *I* will——Nurſe, let me have a Watch-light, and lay the Crums of Comfort by me.——

Nurſe. Yes, Sir.

Fore. And——hem, hem! *I* am very faint.——

Scan. No, no, you look much better.

Fore. Do *I*? And d'ye hear——bring me, let me ſee——within a quarter of Twelve——hem——he, hem!——juſt upon the turning of the Tide, bring me the Urinal;—— And *I* hope, neither the Lord of my Aſcendant, nor the Moon will be combuſt; and then *I* may do well.

Scan. I hope ſo——Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and *I* hope *I* ſhall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the ſixth Houſe.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that wou'd be a great Comfort to me. Hem, hem! good Night. [*Exit.*

Scan. Good Night, good Mr. *Foreſight*;——and *I* hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in Conjunction;——while your Wife and *I* are together.

Mrs. Fore. Well; and what uſe do you hope to make of this Project? You don't think, that you are ever-like to ſucceed in your deſign upon me.

Scan. Yes, Faith I do; I have a better Opinion both of you and my ſelf, than to deſpair.

Mrs. Fore. Did you ever hear ſuch a Toad——heark'ee Devil; do you think any Woman Honeſt?

Scan. Yes, ſeveral, very honeſt;——they'll cheat a little at Cards, ſometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. Fore. Pſhaw! but Vertuous, I mean.

Scan. Yes, Faith, *I* believe ſome Women are Vertuous too; but 'tis as *I* believe ſome Men are Valiant, thro' fear——For why ſhou'd a Man court Danger, or a Woman ſhun Pleaſure.

Mrs. Fore.

Mrs. Fore. O Monſtrous! What are Conſcience and Honour?

Scan. Why, Honour is a publick Enemy; and Conſcience a Domeſtick Thief; and he that wou'd ſecure his Pleaſure, muſt pay a Tribute to one, and go halves with the t'other. As for Honour, that you have ſecur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual opportunity for Pleaſure.

Mrs. Fore. An Opportunity for Pleaſure!

Scan. Aye, your Husband, a Husband is an opportunity for Pleaſure, ſo you have taken care of Honour, and 'tis the leaſt I can do to take care of Conſcience.

Mrs. Fore. And ſo you think we are free for one another?

Scan. Yes Faith, I think ſo; I love to ſpeak my mind.

Mrs. Fore. Why then I'll ſpeak my mind. Now as to this Affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why, I'll confeſs it does not diſpleaſe me. Your Perſon is well enough, and your Underſtanding is not a-miſs.

Scan. I have no great Opinion of my ſelf; yet *I* think, I'm neither Deform'd, nor a Fool.

Mrs. Fore. But you have a Villanous Character; you are a Libertine in Speech, as well as Practice.

Scan. Come, *I* know what you wou'd ſay,——you think it more dangerous to be ſeen in Converſation with me, than to allow ſome other Men the laſt Favour; you miſtake, the liberty *I* take in Talking, is purely affected, for the Service of your Sex. He that firſt cries out ſtop Thief, is often he that has ſtolen the Treaſure. I am a Jugler, that act by Confederacy; and if you pleaſe, we'll put a Trick upon the world.

Mrs. Fore. Aye; but you are ſuch an univerſal Jugler,—— that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

Scan. Faith, I'm ſound.

Mrs. Fore. O, fie——I'll Swear you're Impudent.

Scan. I'll Swear your Handſome.

Mrs. Fore. Piſh, you'd tell me ſo, tho' you did not think ſo.

Scan. And you'd think ſo, tho' I ſhould not tell you ſo: And now *I* think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. Fore. O Lord, who's here?

Enter Mrs. Frail, *and* Ben.

Ben. Meſs, *I* love to ſpeak my mind——Father has nothing to do with me——Nay, *I* can't ſay that neither; he has ſomething to do with me. But what do's that ſignifie? If ſo be, that I ben't minded to be ſteer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he ſhould ſtrive againſt Wind and Tyde.

Mrs. Frail. Aye, but my Dear, we muſt keep it ſecret, till the Eſtate be ſetled; for you know, Marrying without an Eſtate, is like Sailing in a Ship without Ballaſt.

Ben. He, he, he; why that's true; juſt ſo for all the World it is indeed, as like as two Cable Ropes.

Mrs. Frail. And tho' *I* have a good Portion; you know one wou'd not venture all in one bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again; for may-hap one bottom may ſpring a Leak. You have hit it indeed, Meſs you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but if you ſhou'd forſake me after all, you'd break my Heart.

Ben. Break your Heart? I'de rather the *Mary-gold* ſhou'd break her Cable in a ſtorm, as well as *I* love her. Fleſh, you don't think I'm falſe-hearted, like a Land-man. A Sailer will be honeſt, tho'f may-hap he has never a Penny of Mony in his Pocket——May-hap I may not have ſo fair a Face, as a Citizen or a Courtier; but for all that, I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as ſound as a Bisket.

Mrs. Frail. And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an *I* love once, I'll ſtick like pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll ſing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. Frail. Hold, there's my Siſter, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. Fore. Well; *I* won't go to Bed to my Husband to Night; becauſe I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have ſaid.

Scan. Well; You'll give me leave to wait upon you to your Chamber-door; and leave you my laſt Inſtructions?

Mrs. Fore. Hold, here's my Siſter coming toward us.

Mrs. Frail. If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

Ben.

Ben. The Song was made upon one of our Ships-Crew's Wife; our Boat-ſwain made the Song, may-hap you may know her, Sir. Before ſhe was Marry'd, ſhe was call'd buxom *Joan* of *Deptford.*

Scan. I have heard of her.

[*Ben.* Sings.

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

A Souldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker, and a Tailor,
Had once a doubtful ſtrife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was Buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie o' Nights alone.

2.

The Souldier Swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And ſhew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
That he had brought from far, Sir.
With Fighting for her ſake.
The Tailor thought to pleaſe her,
With off'ring her his Meaſure.
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he could mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry leak.

3.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir:
He then might play his part.
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,

And

And then he let fly at her,
A ſhot 'twixt wind and water,
That won this Fair Maids Heart.

Ben. If ſome of our Crew that came to ſee me, are not gone; you ſhall ſee, that we Sailors can Dance ſometimes, as well as other Folks. [*Whiſtles.*
I warrant that brings 'em, an' they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh here they be——And Fiddles along with 'em; come, my Lads, let's have a round, and I'll make one. [*Dance.*

Ben. We're merry Folk, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Bisket, and drink Flip; put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter——Come home and lie with our Landladies once a Year, get rid of a little Mony; and then put off with the next fair wind. How de'e like us?

Mrs. Frail. O' you are the happieſt, merrieſt Men alive.

Mrs. Fore. We're beholding to Mr. *Benjamin* for this Entertainment.
I believe it's late.

Ben. Why, forſooth, an you think ſo, you had beſt go to Bed. For my part, *I* mean to toſs a Can, and remember my Sweet-Heart, a-fore *I* turn in; may-hap *I* may dream of her.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Scandal*, you had beſt go to Bed and Dream too.

Scan. Why Faith, I have a good lively Imagination; and can Dream as much to the purpoſe as another, if *I* ſet about it: But Dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeleſs, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the laſt glimpſe of Love to worn-out Sinners, and the faint dawning of a Bliſs to wiſhing Girls, and growing Boys.

There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make Bleſt the Ripen'd Maid, and Finiſh'd Man. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Valentine's *Lodging.*

Enter Scandal, *and* Jeremy.

Scan. WELL, Is your Maſter ready; do's he look madly, and talk madly?

Jer. Yes, Sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was ſo near turning Poet yeſterday morning, can't be much to ſeek in playing the Madman to day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the Reaſon of his deſign?

Jer. No, Sir, not yet;—He has a mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in Love with him; or at leaſt own that ſhe has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. *I* ſaw her take Coach juſt now with her Maid; and think *I* heard her bid the Coach-man drive hither.

Jere. Like enough, Sir, for *I* told her Maid this morning, my Maſter was run ſtark mad only for Love of her Miſtreſs; *I* hear a Coach ſtop; if it ſhould be ſhe, Sir, *I* believe he would not ſee her, till he hears how ſhe takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her———'tis ſhe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Angelica *with* Jenny.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, *I* ſuppoſe you don't think it a Novelty, to ſee a Woman viſit a Man at his own Lodgings in a morning.

Scan. Not upon a kind occaſion, Madam. But when a Lady comes Tyrannically to inſult a ruin'd Lover, and make manifeſt the cruel Triumphs of her Beauty; the barbarity of it, ſomething ſurprizes me.

Ang. *I* don't like Raillery from a ſerious Face——pray tell me what is the matter.

Jere.

Jere. No ſtrange matter, Madam; my Maſter's mad, that's all: I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip has thought him ſo a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jere. Why faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his Wits, juſt as he was for want of Money; his Head is e'en as light as his Pockets; and any body that has a mind to a bad Bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Eſtate.

Ang. If you ſpeak Truth, your endeavouring at Wit is very unſeaſonable——

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of ſo much Inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I muſt own my ſelf oblig'd to—— pray tell me truth.

Scan. Faith, Madam, I wiſh telling a Lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unſucceſsful Paſſion.

Ang. aſide.] I know not what to think——Yet I ſhou'd be vext to have a trick put upon me—— May I not ſee him?

Scan. I'm afraid the Phyſician is not willing you ſhou'd ſee him yet—— *Jeremy*, go in and enquire. [*Exit* Jere.

Ang. Ha! I ſaw him wink and ſmile—— I fancy 'tis a trick——I'll try——I would diſguiſe to all the World a Failing, which I muſt own to you——I fear my Happineſs depends upon the recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have Compaſſion upon one fearful of Affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for—I cannot ſpeak—But you may tell me, tell me, for you know what I wou'd ask?

Scan. So, this is pretty plain——Be not too much concern'd, Madam; I hope his Condition is not deſperate: An Acknowledgment of Love from you, perhaps, may work a Cure; as the fear of your Averſion occaſion'd his Diſtemper.

Ang. aſide.] Say you ſo; nay, then I'm convinc'd: And if I don't play Trick for Trick, may I never taſte the Pleaſure of Revenge—— Acknowledgment of Love! I find you have miſtaken my Compaſſion, and think me guilty of a Weakneſs I am a Stranger to. But I have too much Sincerity to deceive you, and too much Charity to ſuffer him to be deluded with vain Hopes. Good Nature and Humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to Love is neither in my Power nor Inclination;

nation; and if he can't be cur'd without I ſuck the Poyſon from his Wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his Senſes till I loſe mine.

Scan. Hey, brave Woman, I faith—— Won't you ſee him then, if he deſire it?

Ang. What ſignifie a Madman's Deſires? Beſides, 'twou'd make me uneaſie—— If I don't ſee him, perhaps my Concern for him may leſſen—— If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himſelf: and now the Surprize is over, methinks I am not half ſo ſorry for him as I was——

Scan. So, faith good Nature works a-pace; you were confeſſing juſt now an Obligation to his Love.

Ang. But I have conſider'd that Paſſions are unreaſonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman; or no more than I can help my want of Inclination to ſtay longer here—— Come, *Jenny.* [*Exit* Ang. *and* Jenny.

Scan. Humh!—— An admirable Compoſition, faith, this ſame Womankind.

Enter Jeremy.

Jere. What, is ſhe gone, Sir?

Scan. Gone; why ſhe was never here, nor any where elſe; nor I don't know her if I ſee her; nor you neither.

Jere. Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Maſter longs to ſee her; and is almoſt mad in good earneſt, with the Joyful News of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a miſtake—— Ask no Queſtions, for I can't reſolve you; but I'll inform your Maſter. In the mean time, if our Project ſucceed no better with his Father, than it does with his Miſtreſs, he may deſcend from his Exaltation of madneſs into the road of common Senſe, and be content only to be made a Fool with other reaſonable People. I hear Sir *Sampſon,* you know your Cue; I'll to your Maſter. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Sampſon Legend *with a Lawyer.*

Sir *Samp.* D'ye ſee, Mr. *Buckrum*, here's the Paper ſign'd with his own Hand.

Buck. Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready drawn in this Box, if he be ready to ſign and ſeal.

Sir *Samp.* Ready, body o' me, he muſt be ready; his Shamſickneſs ſhan't excuſe him—— O, here's his Scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your Maſter?

Jere. Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir *Samp.* Gone! What, he is not dead?

Jere. No, Sir, not dead.

Sir *Samp.* What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick't me? ſpeak, Varlet.

Jere. No, no, Sir; he's ſafe enough, Sir, an he were but as ſound, poor Gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Hey day, Raſcal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me—— Speak Sirrah, where is he, for I will find him.

Jere. Would you could, Sir; for he has loſt himſelf. Indeed, Sir, I have a moſt broke my Heart about him——I can't refrain Tears when I think of him, Sir; I'm as melancholy for him as a Paſſing-Bell, Sir; or a Horſe in a Pound.

Sir *Samp.* A Pox confound your Similitudes, Sir—— Speak to be underſtood, and tell me in plain Terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your Fools Skull.

Jere. Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the matter with him, Sir; his Skull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's ſtark mad, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Mad!

Buckr. What, is he *Non Compos?*

Jere. Quite *Non Compos*, Sir.

Buckr. Why then all's obliterated, Sir *Sampſon*, if he be *Non Compos mentis*, his Act and Deed will be of no effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir *Samp.* Oo'ns, I won't believe it; let me ſee him, Sir—Mad, I'll make him find his Senſes.

Jere. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the Door.

[*Goes to the Scene, which opens and diſcovers* Valentine *upon a Couch diſorderly dreſs'd*, Scandal *by him.*

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* How now, what's here to do?——

Val. Ha! who's that? [*ſtarting.*]

Scan. For Heav'ns ſake ſoftly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Anſwer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir *Samp.* Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he miſchievous? I'll ſpeak gently——*Val, Val,* do'ſt thou not know me, Boy? Not know thy own Father, *Val!* I am thy own Father, and this is honeſt *Brief Buckram* the Lawyer.

Val. It may be ſo——I did not know you—— the World is full——There are People that we do know, and People that we do not know; and yet the Sun ſhines upon all alike—— There are Fathers that have many Children; and there are Children that have many Fathers——'tis ſtrange! But I am Truth, and come to give the World the Lie.

Sir *Samp.* Body o' me, I know not what to ſay to him.

Val. Why, does that Lawyer wear black?—Does he carry his Conſcience without ſide?—— Lawyer, what art thou? Doſt thou know me?

Buckr. O Lord, what muſt I ſay?—— Yes, Sir.

Val. Thou lieſt, for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a Livelyhood amongſt you. I have been ſworn out of *Weſtminſter-Hall* the firſt Day of every Term——Let me ſee——No matter how long——But I'll tell you one thing; it's a Queſtion that would puzzle an Arithmetician, if you ſhould ask him, whether the Bible ſaves more Souls in *Weſtminſter-Abby,* or damns more in *Weſtminſter-Hall*: For my part, I am Truth, and can't tell; I have very few Acquaintance.

Sir *Samp.* Body o' me, he talks ſenſibly in his madneſs—Has he no Intervals?

Jere. Very ſhort, Sir.

Buckr. Sir, *I* can do you no Service while he's in this Condition: Here's your Paper, Sir——He may do me a miſchief if *I* ſtay——The Conveyance is ready, Sir. If he recover his Senſes. [*Exit.*

Sir Samp. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, *Sir*; and ſend for him if there be occaſion; for *I* fancy his Preſence provokes him more.

Val. Is the Lawyer gone? 'tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the Ears——heigh ho! What a Clock is't? My Father here! Your Bleſſing, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* He recovers—— bleſs thee, *Val*—— How do'ſt thou do, Boy?

Val. Thank you, Sir, pretty well——I have been a little out of Order; won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* Ay, boy——Come, thou ſhalt ſit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait.

Sir *Samp.* No, no, come, come, ſit you down, honeſt *Val*: How do'ſt thou do? let me feel thy Pulſe——Oh, pretty well now, *Val*: Body o' me, I was ſorry to ſee thee indiſpoſed: But I'm glad thou'rt better, honeſt *Val.*

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Scan. Miracle! the Monſter grows loving. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Samp.* Let me feel thy Hand again, *Val*: it does not ſhake—I believe thou can'ſt write, *Val*: Ha, boy? Thou can'ſt write thy Name, *Val*?——*Jeremy*, ſtep and overtake Mr. *Buckram*, bid him make haſte back with the Conveyance——quick—quick [*In Whiſper to* Jeremy.] [*Exit.* Jere.

Scan. *aſide.* That ever I ſhou'd ſuſpect ſuch a Heathen of any Remorſe!

Sir *Samp.* Do'ſt thou know this Paper, *Val*: I know thou'rt honeſt, and wil't perform Articles. [*Shews him the Paper, but holds it out of his reach.*

Val. Pray let me ſee it, Sir. You hold it ſo far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir *Samp.* See it, boy? Aye, aye, why thou do'ſt ſee it——'tis thy own Hand, *Val.* Why, let me ſee, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*reads*] *The Condition of this Obligation*—Look you, as plain as can be, ſo it begins——And then at the bottom——*As witneſs my Hand*, **Valentine Legend**, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the Noſe in one's Face: What, are my Eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet——let me ſee. [*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*]

Val. Will you pleaſe to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Let thee hold it, ſay'ſt thou——Aye, with all my Heart——What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?——I'll put it up in my Pocket, *Val:* And then no body need hold it [*puts the Paper in his Pocket.*] There *Val:* it's ſafe enough, Boy——But thou ſhalt have it as ſoon as thou haſt ſet thy Hand to another Paper, little *Val.*

Re-enter Jeremy *with* Buckram.

Val. What, is my bad Genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the Lawyer with an itching Palm; and he's come to be ſcratch'd——My Nails are not long enough——Let me have a Pair of Red hot Tongues quickly, quickly, and you ſhall ſee me act St. *Dunſtan*, and lead the Devil by the Noſe.

Buckr. O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture my ſelf with a Madman. [*Exit* Buckram.

Val. Ha, ha, ha; you need not run ſo faſt, Honeſty will not overtake you——Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue found me out to be in *Forma Pauperis* preſently.

Sir *Samp.* Oo'ns! What a Vexation is here! I know not what to do, or ſay, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his Way?— I am Truth, and can ſet him right—— Hearkee, Friend, the ſtraight Road is the worſt way you can go—— He that follows his Noſe always, will very often be led into a Stink. *Probatum eſt.* But what are you for? Religion or Politicks? There's a couple of Topicks for you, no more like one another than Oyl and Vinegar; and yet thoſe two beaten together by a State-Cook, make Sauce for the whole Nation.

Sir *Samp.* What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons? Why did I ever marry?

Val. Becauſe thou wer't a Monſter; old Boy?—— The two greateſt Monſters in the World are a Man and a Woman? what's thy Opinion?

Sir *Samp.* Why, my Opinion is, that thoſe two Monſters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a Man and his Wife.

Val. A ha! Old Truepenny, ſay'ſt thou ſo? thou haſt nick'd it——But its wonderful ſtrange, *Jeremy!*

Jere. What

Jere. What is, Sir?

Val. That Gray Hairs ſhou'd cover a Green Head—— and I make a Fool of my Father.

Enter Foreſight, *Mrs.* Foreſight, *and* Frail.

Val. What's here! *Erra Pater?* or a bearded Sybil? If Prophecy comes, Truth muſt give place. [*Exit with* Jere.

Fore. What ſays he? What, did he propheſie? Ha, Sir *Sampſon,* bleſs us! How are we?

Sir *Samp.* Are we? Ah Pox o' your Prognoſtication——Why, we are Fools as we uſe to be—— Oo'ns, that you cou'd not foreſee that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad—Where's your Oppoſitions, your Trines, and your Quadrates?—What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolomee* tell you? Your *Meſſahalah* and your *Longomontanus,* your Harmony of Chiromancy with Aſtrology. Ah! pox on't, that I that know the World, and Men and Manners, that don't believe a Syllable in the Sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacks, and Traſh, ſhould be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer Buſineſs in Expectation of a lucky Hour. When, body o' me, there never was a lucky Hour after the firſt opportunity. [*Exit Sir* Samp.

Fore. Ah, Sir *Sampſon,* Heav'n help your Head——— This is none of your lucky Hour; *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.* What, is he gone, and in contempt of Science! Ill Stars and unconverted Ignorance attend him.

Scan. You muſt excuſe his Paſſion, *Mr. Foreſight*; for he has been heartily vex'd——His Son is *Non compos mentis,* and thereby incapable of making any Conveyance in Law; ſo that all his meaſures are diſappointed.

Fore. Ha! ſay you ſo?

Frail. What, has my Sea-Lover loſt his Anchor of Hope then? [*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſight.

Mrs. Fore. Oh Siſter, what will you do with him?

Frail. Do with him, ſend him to Sea again in the next foul Weather—— He's us'd to an inconſtant Element, and won't be ſurpriz'd to ſee the Tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I miſtaken, not to foreſee this? [*Conſiders.*

Scan. Ma-

Scan. Madam, you and I can tell him ſomething elſe, that he did not foreſee, and more particularly relating to his own Fortune. [*Aſide to* Mrs. Foreſight.

Mrs. *Fore.* What do you mean? I don't underſtand you.

Scan. Huſh, ſoftly——the Pleaſures of laſt Night, my Dear, too conſiderable to be forgot ſo ſoon.

Mrs. *Fore.* Laſt Night! and what wou'd your Impudence infer from laſt night? laſt Night was like the Night before, I think.

Scan. 'S'death do you make no difference between me and your Husband?

Mrs. *Fore.* Not much,——he's ſuperſtitious; and you are mad in my opinion.

Scan. You make me mad——You are not ſerious——Pray recollect your ſelf.

Mrs. *Fore.* O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent,—and would have come to Bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. *Fore.* Did not! with that face can you ask the Queſtion?

Scan. This I have heard of before, but never believ'd. I have been told ſhe had that admirable quality of forgetting to a man's face in the morning, that ſhe had layn with him all night, and denying favours with more impudence, than ſhe cou'd grant 'em.——Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and honour you.——You look pretty well, Mr. *Foreſight*;——How did you reſt laſt night?

Fore. Truly Mr. *Scandal*, I was ſo taken up with broken Dreams and diſtracted Viſions, that I remember little.

Scan. 'Twas a very forgetting Night.—But would you not talk with *Valentine*, perhaps you may underſtand him; I'm apt to believe there is ſomething myſterious in his Diſcourſes, and ſometimes rather think him inſpir'd than mad.

Fore. You ſpeak with ſingular good Judgment, Mr. *Scandal*, truly,——I am inclining to your *Turkiſh* opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go in to him.

Frail. Siſter, do you ſtay with them; I'll find out my Lover, and give him his diſcharge, and come to you. O' my Conſcience here he comes. [*Exeunt* Foreſight, Mrs. Fore. *and* Scandal.

Enter

Enter Ben.

Ben. All mad, I think——Fleſh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the Sea are come aſhore, for my part.

Frail. Mr. *Benjamin* in Choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you,——Meſs, I've had ſuch a Hurricane upon your account yonder.——

Frail. My account, pray what's the matter?

Ben. Why, Father came and found me ſquabling with yon chitty fac'd thing, as he would have me marry,—ſo he ask'd what was the matter.—He ask'd in a ſurly ſort of a way—(It ſeems Brother *Val* is gone mad, and ſo that put'n into a paſſion; but what did I know that, what's that to me?)——So he ask'd in a ſurly ſort of manner,——and Gad I anſwer'd 'n as ſurlily,——What thof' he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en:——ſo faith I told 'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'de marry to pleaſe my ſelf, not him; and for the Young Woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make Dirt-pies, than to look after a Husband; for my part I was none of her man.——I had another Voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Frail. So then you intend to go to Sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you,——but I wou'd not tell him ſo much.—So he ſaid he'd make my heart ake; and if ſo be that he cou'd get a Woman to his mind, he'd marry himſelf. Gad, ſays I, an you play the fool and marry at theſe years, there's more danger of your head's aking than my heart.——He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe.—He had 'nt a word to ſay, and ſo I left 'n, and the Green Girl together;—May-hap the Bee may bite, and he'l marry her himſelf, with all my heart.

Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceleſs Wretch to your Father?

Ben. Then why was he graceleſs firſt,——if I am undutiful and Graceleſs, why did he beget me ſo? I did not get my ſelf.

Frail. O Impiety! how have I been miſtaken! what an inhumane mercileſs Creature have I ſet my heart upon? O I am happy to have diſcover'd the Shelves and Quickſands that lurk beneath that faithleſs ſmiling face.

Ben.

Ben. Hey toſs! what's the matter now? why you ben't angry, be you?

Frail. O ſee me no more, —— for thou wert born amongſt Rocks, ſuckl'd by Whales, Cradled in a Tempeſt, and whiſtled to by Winds; and thou art come forth with Finns and Scales, and three rows of Teeth, a moſt outragious Fiſh of prey.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, ſhe's mad, poor Young Woman, Love has turn'd her ſenſes, her Brain is quite overſet. Well-a-day, how ſhall I do to ſet her to rights.

Frail. No, no, I am not mad Monſter, I am wiſe enough to find you out.——Had'ſt thou the Impudence to aſpire at being a Husband with that ſtubborn and diſobedient temper?——You that know not how to ſubmit to a Father, preſume to have a ſufficient ſtock of Duty to undergo a Wife? I ſhould have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.

Ben. Hearkee forſooth; If ſo be that you are in your right ſenſes, d'ee ſee; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd,——if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tack'd about already.——What d'ee mean, after all your fair ſpeeches, and ſtroaking my Cheeks, and Kiſſing and Hugging, what wou'd you ſheer off ſo? wou'd you, and leave me a-ground?

Frail. No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you falſe hearted then?

Frail. Only the Wind's chang'd.

Ben. More ſhame for you,——the Wind's chang'd?——it's an ill Wind blows no body good,——may-hap I have good riddance on you, if theſe be your Tricks,——What d'ee mean all this while, to make a fool of me?

Frail. Any fool, but a Husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad I wou'd not be your Husband, if you wou'd have me; now I know your mind, thof' you had your weight in Gold and Jewels, and thof' I lov'd you never ſo well.

Frail. Why canſt thou love, Porpoiſe?

Ben. No matter what I can do? don't call Names,——I don't love You ſo well as to bear that, whatever I did,——I'm glad you ſhew your ſelf, Miſtreſs:——Let them marry you, as don't know you:——Gad I know you too well, by ſad experience;——*I believe* he that marries you will go to Sea in a Hen-peck'd Frigat.——*I be-*

lieve that, Young Woman——and may-hap may come to an Anchor at *Cuckolds-point*; ſo there's a daſh for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too. [*Exit.*

Frail. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't.——
My true Love is gone to Sea.—— [*Sings.*

Enter Mrs. Foreſight.

O Siſter, had you come a minute ſooner, you would have ſeen the Reſolution of a Lover,—— Honeſt *Tarr* and I are parted;—and with the ſame indifference that we met:——O' my life I am half vex'd at the inſenſibility of a Brute that I deſpis'd.

Mrs. *Fore.* What then, he bore it moſt Heroically?

Frail. Moſt Tyrannically,——for you ſee he has got the ſtart of me; and I the poor forſaken Maid am left complaining on the Shore. But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampſon* is enrag'd, and talks deſperately of committing Matrimony himſelf.——If he has a mind to throw himſelf away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. *Fore.* Oh hang him old Fox, he's too cunning, beſides he hates both you and me.——But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almoſt made a Bargain with *Jeremy*, *Valentine*'s man, to ſell his Maſter to us.

Frail. Sell him, how?

Mrs. *Fore.* *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* ſays will take any body for her that he impoſes on him.——Now I have promis'd him Mountains; if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her ſtead, and get you married together, and put to Bed together; and after Conſummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he ſhould recover his Senſes, he'll be glad at leaſt to make you a good Settlement.—Here they come, ſtand aſide a little, and tell me how you like the deſign.

Enter

Enter Valentine, Scandal, Foreſight, *and* Jeremy.

Scan. And have you given your Maſter a hint of their Plot upon him? [*To* Jere.

Jere. Yes, Sir; he ſays he'll favour it, and miſtake her for *Angelica.*

Scan. It may make ſport.

Fore. Mercy on us!

Val. Huſht——Interrupt me not——I'll whiſper Prediction to thee, and thou ſhalt Propheſie;——I am Truth, and can teach thy Tongue a new Trick,——I have told thee what's paſt,——Now I tell what's to come;——Doſt thou know what will happen to morrow?——Anſwer me not——for *I* will tell thee. To morrow, Knaves will thrive thro' craft, and Fools thro' Fortune; and Honeſty will go as it did, Froſt-nip't in a Summer ſuit. Ask me Queſtions concerning to morrow?

Scan. Ask him, *Mr. Foreſight.*

Fore. Pray what will be done at Court?

Val. Scandal will tell you;——*I* am Truth, *I* never come there.

Fore. In the City?

Val. Oh, Prayers will be ſaid in empty Churches, at the uſual Hours. Yet you will ſee ſuch Zealous Faces behind Counters, as if Religion were to be ſold in every Shop. Oh things will go methodically in the City, the Clocks will ſtrike Twelve at Noon, and the Horn'd Herd Buz in the Exchange at Two. Wives and Husbands will drive diſtinct Trades, and Care and Pleaſure ſeparately Occupy the Family. Coffee-Houſes will be full of Smoak and Stratagem. And the cropt Prentice, that ſweeps his Maſter's Shop in the morning, may ten to one, dirty his Sheets before Night. But there are two things that you will ſee very ſtrange; which are Wanton Wives, with their Legs at liberty, and Tame Cuckolds, with Chains about their Necks. But hold, *I* muſt examine you before *I* go further; You look ſuſpiciouſly. Are you a Husband?

Fore. I am Married.

Val. Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Pariſh?

Fore. No; St. *Martins* in the Fields.

Val. Alas, poor Man; his Eyes are ſunk, and his Hands ſhrivell'd; his Legs dwindl'd, and his back bow'd, Pray, pray, for a Metamorphoſis——Change thy Shape, and ſhake off Age; get thee *Medea*'s Kettle, and be boil'd a-new, come forth with lab'ring *Callous* Hands, a Chine of Steel, and *Atlas* Shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the Calves of Twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedeſtals to ſtand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! That a Man ſhou'd have a Stomach to a Wedding Supper, when the Pidgeons ought rather to be laid to his feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His Frenzy is very high now, *Mr. Scandal.*

Scan. I believe it is a Spring Tide.

Fore. Very likely truly; You underſtand theſe Matters——*Mr. Scandal, I* ſhall be very glad to confer with you about theſe things which he has utter'd.——His Sayings are very Myſterious and Hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be abſent from my Eyes ſo long?

Jere. She's here, Sir.

Mrs. *Fore.* Now, Siſter.

Frail. O Lord, what muſt *I* ſay?

Scan. Humour him, Madam, by all means.

Val. Where is ſhe? Oh *I* ſee her——ſhe comes, like Riches, Health, and Liberty at once, to a deſpairing, ſtarving, and abandon'd Wretch.
Oh welcome, welcome.

Frail. How de'e you, Sir? Can *I* ſerve you?

Val. Heark'ee;——*I* have a Secret to tell you——*Endymion* and the Moon ſhall meet us upon Mount *Latmos*, and we'll be Marry'd in the dead of Night.—— But ſay not a word. *Hymen* ſhall put his Torch into a dark Lanthorn, that it may be ſecret; and *Juno* ſhall give her *Peacock* Poppy-water, that he may fold his Ogling Tail, and *Argos*'s hundred Eyes be ſhut, ha? No body ſhall know, but *Jeremy.*

Frail. No, no, we'll keep it ſecret, it ſhall be done preſently.

Val. The ſooner the better——*Jeremy*, come hither—cloſer—that none may over-hear us;——*Jeremy*, I can tell you News;—

Angelica

Angelica is turn'd Nun ; and *I* am turning Fryar, and yet we'll Marry one another in ſpite of the Pope——Get me a Coul and Beads, that *I* may play my part,——For ſhe'll meet me Two Hours hence in black and white, and a long Veil to cover the Project, and we won't ſee one anothers Faces, till we have done ſomething to be aſham'd of; and then we'll bluſh once for all.

Enter Tattle, *and* Angelica.

Jere. I'll take care, and——

Val. Whiſper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, If you make Love to me, you ſpoil my deſign, for *I* intended to make you my Confident.

Tatt. But, Madam, to throw away your Perſon, ſuch a Perſon! and ſuch a Fortune, on a Madman!

Ang. I never lov'd him till he was Mad ; but don't tell any body ſo.

Scan. How's this! *Tattle* making Love to *Angelica*!

Tatt. Tell, Madam! alas you don't know me——I have much ado to tell your Ladyſhip, how long *I* have been in Love with you——but encourag'd by the impoſſibility of *Valentine*'s making any more Addreſſes to you, *I* have ventur'd to declare the very inmoſt Paſſion of my Heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you ſee the ruins of a poor decay'd Creature—Here, a compleat and lively Figure, with Youth and Health, and all his five Senſes in perfection, Madam, and to all this, the moſt paſſionate Lover——

Ang. O fie for ſhame, hold your Tongue, A paſſionate Lover, and five Senſes in perfection! when you are as Mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddeſt ſhall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

Frail. O Lord, her coming will ſpoil all. [*To* Jeremy.

Jere. No, no, Madam, he won't know her, if he ſhou'd, *I* can perſwade him.

Val. Scandal, who are all theſe? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what *I* think——get away all the Company but *Angelica*, that *I* may diſcover my deſign to her. [*Whiſper.*

Scan. I will,——*I* have diſcover'd ſomething of *Tattle*, that

is

is of a piece with Mrs. *Frail*. He Courts *Angelica*, if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together——Heark'ee—— [*Whiſper.*

Mrs. Fore. He won't know you, Couſin, he knows no body.

Fore. But he knows more than any body,——Oh Neice, he knows things paſt and to come, and all the profound Secrets of Time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. *Foreſight*, It is not my way to make many words of Matters, and ſo *I* ſhan't ſay much, ——But in ſhort, de'e ſee, *I* will hold you a Hundred Pound now, that I know more Secrets than he.

Fore. How! *I* cannot Read that knowledge in your Face, Mr. *Tattle*——Pray, what do you know?

Tat. Why de'e think I'll tell you, Sir! Read it in my Face? No, Sir, 'tis written in my Heart. And ſafer there, Sir, than Letters writ in Juice of Lemon, for no Fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, Sir.

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may eaſily bring it about,—They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em ſo my ſelf. [*To* Scandal] What do you look ſtrange upon me?——Then I muſt be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am Truth, and hate an Old Acquaintance with a new Face. [Scandal *goes aſide with* Jeremy.

Tatt. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

Tatt. I am *Jack Tattle*, your Friend.

Val. My Friend, what to do? *I* am no Married Man, and thou can'ſt not lie with my Wife? I am very poor, and thou can'ſt not borrow Money of me; Then what Employment have *I* for a Friend.

Tatt. Hah! A good open Speaker, and not to be truſted with a Secret.

Ang. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. Oh very well.

Ang. Who am *I*?

Val. You're a Woman,——One to whom Heav'n gave Beauty, when it grafted Roſes on a Briar. You are the reflection of Heav'n in a Pond, and he that leaps at you is ſunk. You are all white, a ſheet of lovely ſpotleſs Paper, when you firſt are Born; but you are to be ſcrawl'd and blotted by every Gooſe's Quill. I know you; for *I* lov'd a Woman, and lov'd her ſo long, that

I found out a ſtrange thing: I found out what a Woman was good for.

Tatt. Aye, prithee, what's that?

Val. Why to keep a Secret.

Tatt. O Lord!

Val. O exceeding good to keep a Secret: For tho' ſhe ſhould tell, yet ſhe is not to be believ'd.

Tatt. Hah! good again, faith.

Val. I would have Muſick——Sing me the Song that I like——

SONG.

Set by Mr. *Finger.*

I Tell thee, Charmion, *could I Time retrieve,*
And could again begin to Love and Live,
To you I ſhould my earlieſt Off'ring give;
I know my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I ſhould all my Vows and Oaths renew,
But to be plain, I never would be true.

2.

For by our weak and weary Truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a Point aſſign'd,
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what ſhould be free,
But for relief of either Sex agree,
Since Women love to change, and ſo do we.

No more, for *I* am melancholly. [*Walks muſing.*

Jere. I'll do't, Sir. [*To* Scandal.

Scan. Mr. *Foreſight*, we had beſt leave him. He may grow outragious, and do miſchief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Jere. } You'll meet, Madam;——I'll take care every thing
to *Frail.* } ſhall be ready.

Frail. Thou ſhalt do what thou wilt, have what thou wilt, in ſhort, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, ſhall I wait upon you? [*To* Angelica.

Ang.

Ang. No, I'll ſtay with him——Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* deſires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now ſhe has ſaid that——Madam, will you do me the Honour?

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Tattle* might have us'd leſs Ceremony.

[*Exeunt* Fore. *Mrs.* Fore.

Scan. Jeremy, follow *Tattle.* [Tatt. Frail. Jere.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I only ſtay till my Maid comes, and becauſe I had a Mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle.*

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I overheard a better Reaſon, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a Kindneſs for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his Sufferings and my Sollicitations. So I'll leave him to make uſe of the Diſcovery; and your Ladyſhip to the free Confeſſion of your Inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heavens! You wont leave me alone with a Madman?

Scan. No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his Remedy.

[*Exit* Scan.

Val. Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to my ſelf.

Ang. Aye, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aſide.*

Val. You ſee what diſguiſes Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited Shapes for the ſame Reaſon; and the Divine Part of me, my Mind, has worn this Maſque of Madneſs, and this motly Livery, only as the Slave of Love, and Menial Creature of your Beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! poor *Valentine*!

Val. Nay faith, now let us underſtand one another, Hypocriſie apart,——The Comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be our ſelves; and ſince you have lov'd me, you muſt own I have at length deſerv'd you ſhou'd confeſs it.

Ang. Sighs.] I would I had lov'd you——for Heaven knows I pitie you; and could I have foreſeen the ſad Effects, I wou'd have ſtriven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

Val. What ſad Effects?——What's too late? my ſeeming Madneſs has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me time to think of means

means to reconcile me to him; and preſerve the right of my Inheritance to his Eſtate; which otherwiſe by Articles, I muſt this Morning have reſign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to Day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your love of me had caus'd this Tranſport in your Soul; which, it ſeems, you only counterfeited; for by, mercinary Ends and ſordid Intereſt.

Val. Nay, now you do me Wrong; for if any Intereſt was conſidered, it was yours; ſince I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary——But how am I deluded by this Interval of Senſe, to reaſon with a Madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to miſunderſtand me longer.

Enter Jeremy.

Ang. Oh here's a reaſonable Creature——ſure he will not have the Impudence to perſevere——Come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge your Trick, and confeſs your Maſter's Madneſs counterfeit.

Jere. Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as abſolutely and ſubſtantially Mad, as any Freeholder in *Bethlehem*; Nay, he's as Mad as any Projector, Fanatick, Chymiſt, Lover, or Poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lie; I am not Mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you ſee he denies it.

Jere. O Lord, Madam, did you ever know any Madman Mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why he talk'd very ſenſibly juſt now.

Jere. Yes, Madam; He has Intervals: But you ſee he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you Thick-Skull'd Raſcal, I tell you the Farce is done, and I will be Mad no longer. [*Beats him.*

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad, or no, *Jeremy?*

Jere. Partly I think——for he does not know his Mind Two Hours——I'm ſure I left him juſt now, in a Humour to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this preſent. Who's there? [*One Knocks.*

Val. Go ſee, you Sot. I'm very glad that I can move your Mirth, tho' not your Compaſſion. [*Exit* Jeremy.

Ang. I did not think you had Apprehenſion enough to be exceptious: But Madmen ſhew themſelves moſt, by over pretending to a ſound Underſtanding; as Drunken men do by over acting Sobriety; I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender Part: But now you have reſtor'd me to my former Opinion and Compaſſion.

Enter Jeremy.

Jere. Sir, your Father has ſent to know if you are any better yet——Will you pleaſe to be Mad, Sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the Penalty of all I'm worth muſt pay for the Confeſſion of my Senſes; I'm Mad, and will be Mad to every Body but this Lady.

Jere. So——Juſt the very backſide of Truth,——But lying is a Figure in Speech, that interlards the greateſt part of my Converſation——Madam, your Ladyſhips Woman. [*Goes to the Door.*

Enter Jenny.

Ang. Well, have you been there?——Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampſon* will wait upon you preſently. [*Aſide to* Angelica.

Val. You are not leaving me in this Uncertainty?

Ang. Wou'd any thing, but a Madman complain of Uncertainty? Uncertainty and Expectation are the Joys of Life. Security is an inſipid thing, and the overtaking and poſſeſſing of a Wiſh, diſcovers the Folly of the Chaſe. Never let us know one another better; for the Pleaſure of a Maſquerade is done, when we come to ſhew Faces. But I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are Mad and don't know it. [*Exeunt* Ang. *and* Jenny.

Val. From a Riddle, you can expect nothing but a Riddle. There's my Inſtruction, and the Moral of my Leſſon.

Re-enter

Re-enter Jeremy.

Jere. What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you underſtood one another before ſhe went.

Val. Underſtood! She is harder to be underſtood than a Piece of *Ægyptian* Antiquity, or an *Iriſh* Manuſcript; you may pore till you ſpoil your Eyes, and not improve your Knowledge.

Jere. I have heard 'em ſay, Sir, they read hard *Hebrew* Books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong End.

Val. they ſay ſo of a Witches Pray'r, and Dreams and *Dutch* Almanacks are to be underſtood by contraries. But there's Regularity and Method in that; ſhe is a Medal without a Reverſe or Inſcription; for Indifference has both ſides alike. Yet while ſhe does not ſeem to hate me, I will purſue her, and know her if it be poſſible, in ſpight of the Opinion of my Satirical Friend, *Scandal*, who ſays,

That Women are like Tricks by ſlight of Hand,
Which, to admire, we ſhould not underſtand.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Rome in Foreſight's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelica *and* Jenny.

Ang. WHERE is Sir *Sampſon?* Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great Glaſs in the Dining-Room, Madam, ſetting his Cravat and Wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't——If he has a mind I ſhould like him, It's a ſign he likes me; and that's more than half my Deſign.

Jenny. I hear him, Madam.

Ang. Leave me, and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* ſhou'd come, or ſend, I am not to be ſpoken with. [*Exit Jenny.*

Enter Sir Sampſon.

Sir *Samp.* I have not been honour'd with the Commands of a fair Lady, a great while——Odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me——Not ſince I was Five and Thirty.

Ang. Why you have no great reaſon to complain, Sir *Sampſon,* that is not long ago.

Sir *Samp.* Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great while; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

Ang. You're an abſolute Courtier, Sir *Sampſon.*

Sir *Samp.* Not at all, Madam: Odsbud you wrong me; I am not ſo old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of Words. Odd, I have warm Blood about me yet, I can ſerve a Lady any way——Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too ſoon, faith and troth you do——Come, don't deſpiſe Fifty; odd Fifty, in a hale Conſtitution, is no ſuch contemptible Age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible Age! Not at all, a very faſhionable Age I think——I aſſure you I know very conſiderable Beaus,

Beaus, that ſet a good Face upon Fifty, Fifty! I have ſeen Fifty in a ſide Box by Candle-light, out-bloſſom Five and Twenty.

Sir *Samp.* O Pox, outſides, outſides; a pize take 'em, meer outſides. Hang your ſide-Box Beaus; no, I'm none of thoſe, none of your forc'd Trees, that pretend to Bloſſom in the Fall; and Bud when they ſhould bring forth Fruit. I am of a long liv'd Race, and inherit Vigour, none of my Family married till Fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters till Fourſcore. I am of your Patriarchs, I, a Branch of one of your *Antideluvian* Families, Fellows, that the Flood could not waſh away. Well, Madam, what are your Commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and ſhall I cut his Throat? or———

Ang. No, Sir *Sampſon*, I have no Quarrel upon my Hands—I have more Occaſion for your Conduct than your Courage at this time. To tell you the Truth, I'm weary of living ſingle, and want a Husband.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, and 'tis pity you ſhould—Odd, wou'd ſhe wou'd like me, then I ſhou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd ſhe wou'd; faith and troth ſhe's deviliſh Handſom. [*Aſide.* Madam, you deſerve a good Husband, and 'twere pity you ſhou'd be thrown away upon any of theſe young idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne're a young Fellow worth hanging———that is a very young Fellow———Pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing;——And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder; out of a Frolick: And are ready to hang themſelves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next Morning.———Odſo, have a care, Madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your Advice, Sir *Sampſon*: I have Fortune enough to make any Man eaſie that I can like; If there were ſuch a thing as a young agreeable Man, with a reaſonable Stock of good Nature and Senſe——For I would neither have an abſolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you are hard to pleaſe, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, nor a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very hard Task. But, faith and troth you ſpeak very diſcreetly; For I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

Angl. She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampſon*, commits the Reputation of her Honeſty or Underſtanding to the Cenſure of the World:

World: And ſhe that marries a very Witty Man, ſubmits both to the Severity and inſolent Conduct of her Husband. I ſhould like a Man of Wit for a Lover, becauſe I would have ſuch an one in my Power; but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his Malice is not a more terrible Conſequence of his Averſion, than his Jealouſie is of his Love.

Sir *Samp.* None of old *Foreſight*'s *Sybills* ever utter'd ſuch a Truth. Odsbud, you have wone my Heart: I hate a Wit; I had a Son that was ſpoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful Lad, till he learn'd to be a Wit——And might have riſen in the State—But, a pox on't, his Wit run him out of his Money, and now his Poverty has run him out of his Wits.

Ang. Sir *Sampſon*, as your Friend, I muſt tell you, you are very much abus'd in that Matter; He's no more Mad than you are.

Sir *Samp.* How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done——But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud I believe ſhe likes me.——[*Aſide.*]——Ah, Madam, all my Affairs are ſcarce worthy to be laid at your Feet; And I wiſh, Madam, they ſtood in a better Poſture, that I might make a more becoming Offer to a Lady of your incomparable Beauty and Merit.——If I had *Peru* in one Hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eaſtern* Empire under my Feet; it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your Beauty.

Ang. Bleſs me, Sir *Sampſon*, what's the matter?

Sir *Samp.* Odd, Madam, I love you——And if you wou'd take my Advice in a Husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir *Sampſon.* I ask'd your Advice for a Husband, and you are giving me your Conſent——I was indeed thinking to propoſe ſomething like it in a Jeſt, to ſatisfie you about *Valentine*: For if a Match were ſeemingly carried on, between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his Diſguiſe of Madneſs, in Apprehenſion of loſing me: For you know he has long pretended a Paſſion for me.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Gadzooks, a moſt ingenuous Contrivance——If we were to go throw with it. But why muſt the Match only be ſeemingly carried on?——Odd, let it be a real Contract.

Ang. O fie, Sir *Sampſon*, what would the World ſay?

Sir *Samp.* Say, they would ſay, you were a wiſe Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good Jointure when I die.

Ang. Aye; But that is not in your Power, Sir *Sampſon*; for when *Valentine* confeſſes himſelf in his Senſes; he muſt make over his Inheritance to his younger Brother.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you're cunning, a wary Baggage! Faith and Troth I like you the better——But, I warrant you, I have a Proviſo in the Obligation in favour of my ſelf——Body o'me, I have a Trick to turn the Settlement upon the Iſſue Male of our Two Bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find Children, and I'll find an Eſtate.

Ang. Will you? well, do you find the Eſtate, and leave the t'other to me——

Sir *Samp.* O Rogue! But I'll truſt you. And will you conſent? Is it a Match then?

Ang. Let me conſult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation; and if I find what you propoſe practicable; I'll give you my Anſwer.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart;——Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond,——You ſhall conſult your Lawyer, and I'll conſult a Parſon; Odzooks I'm a Young Man: Odzooks I'm a young Man, and I'll make it appear——Odd, you're deviliſh Handſom; Faith and Troth, you're very Handſom, and I'm very Young, and very Luſty——Odsbud, Huſſy, you know how to chuſe, and ſo do I;——Odd, I think we are very well met;——Give me your Hand, Odd let me kiſs it; 'tis as warm and as ſoft——as what?——Odd, as t'other Hand——give me t'other Hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiſs 'em till they melt in my Mouth.

Ang. Hold, Sir *Sampſon*——You're profuſe of your Vigour before your time: You'll ſpend your Eſtate before you come to it.

Sir *Samp.* No, no, only give you a Rent-roll of my Poſſeſſions——Ah! Baggage——I warrant you; for little *Sampſon*: Odd,

Odd, *Sampſon*'s a very good Name for an able Fellow: Your *Sampſons* were ſtrong Dogs from the Beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your Part——If you remember, the ſtrongeſt *Sampſon* of your Name, pull'd an old Houſe over his Head at laſt.

Sir *Samp.* Say you ſo, Huſſy?——Come lets go then; Odd, I long to be pulling down too, come away——Odſo, here's ſome body coming. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tattle *and* Jeremy.

Tatt. Is not that ſhe, gone out juſt now?

Jere. Aye, Sir, ſhe's juſt going to the Place of appointment. Ah Sir, if you are not very faithful and cloſe in this Buſineſs, you'll certainly be the Death of a Perſon that has a moſt extraordinary Paſſion for your Honour's Service.

Tatt. Aye, who's that?

Jere. Even my unworthy ſelf, Sir——Sir, I have had an Appetite to be fed with your Commands a great while;——And now, Sir, my former Maſter, having much troubled the Fountain of his Underſtanding; it is a very plauſible Occaſion for me to quench my Thirſt at the Spring of your Bounty——I thought I could not recommend my ſelf better to you, Sir, than by the delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your Arms, whom I have heard you Sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy Fortune; ſay no more——Thou art a pretty Fellow, and canſt carry a Meſſage to a Lady, in a pretty ſoft kind of Phraſe, and with a good perſwading Accent.

Jere. Sir, I have the Seeds of Rhetorick and Oratory in my Head——I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tatt. Ay; 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an Univerſity: But the Education is a little too pedantick for a Gentleman. I hope you are ſecret in your Nature, private, cloſe, ha?

Jere. O Sir, for that Sir, 'tis my chief Talent; I'm as ſecret as the Head of *Nilus*.

Tatt. Aye? Who's he, tho? A Privy Counſellor?

Jere. O Ignorance! [*aſide*] A cunning *Ægyptian*, Sir, that with his

his Arms would over-run the Country, yet no body could ever find out his Head-Quarters.

Tatt. Cloſe Dog! A good Whoremaſter, I warrant him—— the time draws nigh, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I muſt be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy?*

Jere. Aye, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to ſeize at firſt ſight upon the Quarry. It is the Whim of my Maſter's Madneſs to be ſo dreſs'd; and ſhe is ſo in Love with him, ſhe'll comply with any thing to pleaſe him. Poor Lady, I'm ſure ſhe'll have reaſon to pray for me, when ſhe finds what a happy Exchange ſhe has made, between a Madman and ſo Accompliſh'd a Gentleman.

Tatt. Ay faith, ſo ſhe will, *Jeremy*: You're a good Friend to her, poor Creature—— I ſwear I do it hardly ſo much in conſideration of my ſelf, as Compaſſion to her.

Jere. 'Tis an Act of Charity, Sir, to ſave a fine Woman with Thirty Thouſand Pound, from throwing her ſelf away.

Tatt. So 'tis, faith—— I might have ſav'd ſeveral others in my time; but I Gad I could never find in my Heart to Marry any body before.

Jere. Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Maſter's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your Diſguiſe, at your own Lodgings. You muſt talk a little madly, ſhe won't diſtinguiſh the Tone of your Voice.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit;—— I'll be ready for you.

Enter Miſs.

Miſs. O Mr. *Tattle*, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tired as any thing in the World.

Tatt. O Pox, how ſhall I get rid of this fooliſh Girl? [*Aſide.*

Miſs. O I have pure News, I can tell you pure News—— I muſt not marry the Seaman now— my Father ſays ſo. Why won't you be my Husband? You ſay you love me, and you won't be my Husband. And I know you may be my Husband now if you pleaſe.

Tatt. O fie, Miſs: Who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs. Why

Miſs. Why, my Father— I told him that you lov'd me.

Tatt. O fie, Miſs, why did you do ſo? and who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O Pox, that was Yeſterday, Miſs, that was a great while ago, Child. I have been aſleep ſince; ſlept a whole Night, and did not ſo much as dream of the matter.

Miſs. Pſhaw, O but I dream't that it was ſo tho.

Tatt. Ay, but your Father will tell you that Dreams come by Contraries, Child——— O fie; what, we muſt not love one another now——— Pſhaw, that would be a fooliſh thing indeed——Fie, fie, you're a Woman now, and muſt think of a new Man every Morning, and forget him every Night——No, no, to marry, is to be a Child again, and play with the ſame Rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing.

Miſs. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did laſt Night then?

Tatt. No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miſs. No? Yes but I would tho.

Tatt. Pſhaw, but I tell you, you would not— You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own mind.

Miſs. But here's my Father, and he knows my Mind.

Enter Foreſight.

Fore. O, Mr. *Tattle*, your Servant, you are a cloſe Man; but methinks your Love to my Daughter was a Secret I might have been truſted with,——Or had you a mind to try if I could diſcover it by my Art———hum, ha! I think there is ſomething in your Phyſiognomy, that has a reſemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

Tat. And ſo you wou'd infer, that you and I are alike—what do's the Old Prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him [*Aſide.*] I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Faces.

Fore. How? What? A wrong Notion! How ſo?

Tat. In the way of Art: I have ſome taking Features, not obvious to Vulgar Eyes; that are Indications of a ſudden turn of good Fortune, in the Lottery of Wives; and promiſe a great

great Beauty and great Fortune reſerved alone for me, by a private Intriegue of Deſtiny, kept ſecret from the piercing Eye of Perſpicuity; from all Aſtologers, and the Stars themſelves.

Fore. How! I will make it appear that what you ſay is impoſſible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm in haſte——

Fore. For what?

Tatt. To be married, Sir, married.

Fore. Aye, but pray take me along with you, Sir——

Tatt. No, Sir; 'tis to be done Privately——I never make Confidents.

Fore. Well; but my Conſent I mean——You won't marry my Daughter without my Conſent?

Tatt. Who I, Sir? I'm an abſolute Stranger to you and your Daughter, Sir.

Fore. Hey day! What time of the Moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, Sir, and deſire to continue ſo. I have no more love for your Daughter, than I have likeneſs of you; and I have a Secret in my Heart, which you wou'd be glad to know, and ſhan't know; and yet you ſhall know it too, and be ſorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as ſecret as the Night.——And I'm going to be Married juſt now, yet did not know of it half an Hour ago; and the Lady ſtays for me, and does not know of it yet——There's a Myſtery for you,——I know you love to untie Difficulties——Or if you can't ſolve this; ſtay here a Quarter of an Hour, and I'll come and explain it to you. [*Exit.*

Miſs. O Father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him be my Husband?

Fore. Mercy on us, what do theſe Lunacies portend? Alas! he's Mad, Child, ſtark Wild.

Miſs. What, and muſt not I have e're a Husband then? What, muſt I go to Bed to Nurſe again, and be a Child as long as ſhe's an Old Woman? Indeed but I won't: For now my Mind is ſet upon a Man, I will have a Man ſome way or other. Oh! methinks I'm ſick when I think of a Man; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to ſleep all my Life: For when I'm awake, it makes me wiſh and long, and I don't know for what—— And I'd rather be always a ſleeping, than ſick with thinking.

Fore. O fearful! I think the Girl's influenc'd too,——Huſſy you ſhall have a Rod.

Miſs. A Fiddle of a Rod, I'll have a Husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for my ſelf: I'll marry our *Robbin* the Butler, he ſays he loves me, and he's a Handſome Man, and ſhall be my Husband: I warrant he'll be my Husband and thank me too, for he told me ſo.

Enter Scandal, *Mrs.* Foreſight, *and Nurſe.*

Fore. Did he ſo——I'll diſpatch him for't preſently; Rogue! Oh, Nurſe, come hither.

Nurſe. What is your Worſhip's Pleaſure?

Fore. Here, take your young Miſtreſs, and lock her up preſently, till farther Orders from me——not a Word Huſſy——Do what I bid you, no Reply, away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an Account of his Plate and Linnen, d'ee hear, be gone when *I* bid you. [*Ex.* Nurſe *and* Miſs.

Mrs. *Fore.* What's the Matter, Husband?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now——Mr. *Scandal*, Heav'n keep us all in our Senſes——*I* fear there is a contagious Frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine?*

Scan. O *I* hope he will do well again——*I* have a Meſſage from him to your Niece *Angelica.*

Fore. *I* think ſhe has not return'd, ſince ſhe went abroad with Sir *Sampſon.*

Enter Ben.

Mrs. *Fore.* Here's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his Father be come Home.

Ben. Who, Father? ay, he's come home with a Vengeance.

Mrs. *Fore.* Why, What's the Matter?

Ben. Matter! Why he's Mad.

Fore. Mercy on us, *I* was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handſome young Woman, ſhe, as they ſay, Brother *Val.* went mad for, ſhe's mad too, *I* think.

Fore. O my poor Niece, my poor Niece, is ſhe gone too? Well, *I* ſhall run mad next.

Mrs. Fore.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well, but how mad? how d'ee mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to gueſs——I'll undertake to make a Voyage to *Antegoa*——No, hold, *I* mayn't ſay ſo neither——But I'll ſail as far as *Ligorn*, and back again, before you ſhall gueſs at the matter, and do nothing elſe; Meſs you may take in all the Points of the Compaſs, and not hit Right.

Mrs. *Fore.* Your Experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you, There's a new wedding upon the Stocks; and they two are a going to be married to rights.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why Father and——the Young Woman. *I* can't hit of her Name.

Scan. Angelica?

Ben. Aye, the ſame.

Mrs. *Fore.* Sir *Sampſon* and *Angelica*, impoſſible!

Ben. That may be——but I'm ſure it is as *I* tell you.

Scan. 'S'death it's a Jeſt. *I* can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, Friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What *I* ſay is true; d'ee ſee, they are married, or juſt going to be married, *I* know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not Mad, that is, not Lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you may call Madneſs——But ſhe's mad for a Husband, and he's Horn-mad, *I* think, or they'd ne're make a Match together——Here they come.

Enter Sir Sampſon, Angelica, *with* Buckram.

Sir *Samp.* Where is this old Soothſayer? This Uncle of mine elect? a ha, Old *Foreſight*, Uncle *Foreſight*, wiſh me Joy Uncle *Foreſight*, double Joy, both as Uncle and Aſtrologer; here's a Conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*—The brighteſt Star in the blew Firmament——is ſhot from above, in a Jelly of Love, and ſo forth; and I'm Lord of the Aſcendant. Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Foreſight*; Uncle *I* mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Foreſight*; and yet you ſhall live to dance at my Wedding; faith and troth you ſhall. Odd we'll

we'll have the Muſick of the Spheres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou ſhalt lead up a Dance in *via Lactea*.

Fore. I'm Thunde-ſtrook! You are not married to my Niece?

Sir *Samp.* Not abſolutely married, Uncle; but very near it, within a Kiſs of the matter, as you ſee. [*Kiſſes Ang.*

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir *Samp.* That he ſhall, or I'll burn his Globes——Body o'me, he ſhall be thy Father, I'll make him thy Father, and thou ſhalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enough to put the Weekly Bills out of Countenance.

Scan. Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine?* [*Exit* Scan.

Mrs. *Fore.* This is ſo ſurpriſing——

Sir *Samp.* How! What does my Aunt ſay? Surprizing, Aunt? Not at all, for a young Couple to make a Match in Winter? Not at all——It's a Plot to undermine Cold Weather; and deſtroy that Uſurper of a Bed call'd a Warming-Pan.

Mrs. *Fore.* I'm glad to hear you have ſo much Fire in you, Sir *Sampſon.*

Ben. Meſs, I fear his Fire's little better than Tinder; may hap it will only ſerve to light up a Match for ſome body elſe. The Young Woman's a Handſom Young Woman, *I* can't deny it: But, Father, if *I* might be your Pilot in this Caſe, you ſhould not marry her. It's juſt the ſame thing, as if ſo be you ſhould ſail ſo far as the *Streights* without Proviſion.

Sir *Samp.* Who gave you Authority to ſpeak, Sirrah? To your Element, Fiſh, be mute, Fiſh, and to Sea, rule your Helm, Sirrah, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own Helm, or you mayn't keep your own Veſſel ſteddy.

Sir *Samp.* Why you impudent Tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your Fore-caſtle Jeſts upon your Father? But *I* ſhall be even with you, *I* won't give you a Groat. Mr. *Buckram* is the Conveyance ſo worded, that nothing can poſſibly deſcend to this Scoundrel? *I* would not ſo much as have him have the Proſpect of an Eſtate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-Eaſt* Paſſage.

Buckr.

Buckr. Sir, it is drawn according to your Directions; there is not the leaſt Cranny of the Law unſtopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a Cranny and Leak unſtopt in your Conſcience——if ſo be that one had a Pump to your Boſom, I believe we ſhou'd diſcover a foul Hold. They ſay a Witch will ſail in a Sieve——But *I* believe the Devil wou'd not venture aboard o' your Conſcience. And that's for you.

Sir *Samp.* Hold your Tongue, Sirrah. How now, who's there?

Enter Tattle *and* Frail.

Frail. O, Siſter, the moſt unlucky Accident!

Mrs. Fore. What's the Matter?

Tatt. O, the Two moſt unforunate poor Creatures in the World we are.

Fore. Bleſs us! How ſo?

Frail. Ah Mr. *Tattle* and *I*, poor Mr. *Tattle* and *I* are——*I* can't ſpeak it out.

Tatt. Nor *I*——But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

Frail. Married.

Mrs. Fore. Married! How?

Tatt. Suddainly——before we knew where we were—that Villain *Jeremy*, by the help of Diſguiſes, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why, you told me juſt now, you went hence in haſte to be married.

Ang. But *I* believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the Favour to me, *I* thank him.

Tatt. I did, as *I* hope to be ſav'd, Madam, my Intentions were good——But this is the moſt cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore——The Devil take me if ever *I* was ſo much concern'd at any thing in my Life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The leaſt in the World——That is for my Part, *I* ſpeak for my ſelf. Gad, *I* never had the leaſt thought of ſerious Kindneſs——*I* never lik'd any body leſs in my Life. Poor Woman! Gad I'm ſorry for her too; for *I* have no reaſon to hate her

her neither; but *I* believe *I* ſhall lead her a damn'd ſort of a Life.

Mrs. *Fore.* He's better than no Husband at all——tho he's a Coxcomb. [*Aſide to* Frail.

Frail. *to her.* Aye, aye, it's well it's no worſe——Nay, for my part *I* always deſpiſed Mr. *Tattle* of all things; nothing but his being my Husband could have made me like him leſs.

Tatt. Look you there, *I* thought as much——pox on't, *I* wiſh we could keep it ſecret, why *I* don't believe any of this Company wou'd ſpeak of it.

Frail. But, my Dear, that's impoſſible; the Parſon and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publiſh it.

Tatt. Aye, my Dear, ſo they will as you ſay.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time; Cuſtom will make it eaſie to you.

Tatt. Eaſie! Pox on't, *I* don't believe *I* ſhall ſleep to Night.

Sir *Samp.* Sleep Quotha! No, why you would not ſleep o' your Wedding Night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to ſleep.

Ben. Why there's another Match now, as thof a couple of Privateers were looking for a Prize, and ſhould fall foul of one another. I'm ſorry for the Young Man with all my Heart. Look you, Friend, if I may adviſe you, when ſhe's going, for that you muſt expect, I have Experience of her, when ſhe's going, let her go. For no *Matrimony* is tough enough to hold her, and if ſhe can't drag her Anchor along with her, ſhe'll break her Cable, I can tell you that. Who's here? the Madman?

Enter Valentine *dreſs'd*, Scandal, *and* Jeremy.

Val. No; here's the Fool; and if occaſion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir *Samp.* How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my Errors, and ask your Pardon.

Sir *Samp.* What, have you found your Senſes at laſt then? In good time, Sir.

Val. You were abus'd, Sir, I never was Diſtracted.

Fore.

Fore. How! Not Mad! Mr. *Scandal*,

Scan. No really, Sir; I'm his Witneſs, it was all Counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had Reaſons——But it was a poor Contrivance, the Effect has ſhewn it ſuch.

Sir *Samp.* Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your Father! Sirrah, could you hope to proſper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reaſonable return of Nature.

Sir *Samp.* Very good, Sir——Mr. *Buckram*, are you ready?——Come, Sir, will you ſign and ſeal?

Val. If you pleaſe, Sir; but firſt I would ask this Lady one Queſtion.

Sir *Samp.* Sir, you muſt ask my leave firſt; that Lady, No, Sir; you ſhall ask that Lady no Queſtions, till you have ask'd her Bleſſing, Sir; that Lady is to be my Wife.

Val. I have heard as much, Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own Mouth.

Sir *Samp.* That's as much as to ſay, I lie, Sir, and you don't believe what I ſay.

Val. Pardon me, Sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited Madneſs; I don't know but the Frolick may go round.

Sir *Samp.* Come, Chuck, ſatisfie him, anſwer him;——Come, come, Mr. *Buckram*, the Pen and Ink.

Buck. Here it is, Sir, with the Deed, all is ready.

[Val. *goes to* Ang.

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended Love to me; nay, what if you were ſincere? ſtill you muſt pardon me, if I think my own Inclinations have a better Right to diſpoſe of my Perſon, than yours.

Sir *Samp.* Are you anſwer'd now, Sir?

Val. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Where's your Plot, Sir? and your Contrivance now, Sir? Will you ſign, Sir? Come, will you ſign and ſeal?

Val. With all my Heart, Sir.

Scan. 'S'death, you are not mad indeed, to ruine your ſelf?

Val. I have been diſappointed of my only Hope; and he that loſes hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd Fortune, but as it was ſubſervient to my Pleaſure; and my only Pleaſure was to pleaſe this Lady: I have made many vain Attempts, and

find at laſt, that nothing but my Ruine can effect it: Which, for that Reaſon, I will ſign to——Give me the Paper.

Ang. Generous *Valentine*! [*Aſide.*

Buck. Here is the Deed, Sir.

Val. But where is the Bond, by which I am oblig'd to ſign this?

Buck. Sir *Sampſon* you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll uſe it, as I would every thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine.* [*Tears the Paper.*

Sir *Samp.* How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the World to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of ſo generous and faithful a Paſſion: Here's my Hand, my Heart was always yours, and ſtruggl'd very hard to make this utmoſt Tryal of your Virtue. [*To* Val.

Val. Between Pleaſure and Amazement, I am loſt——But on my Knees I take the Bleſſing.

Sir *Samp.* Oons, what is the meaning of this?

Ben. Meſs, here's the Wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a Voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir *Sampſon*, ſince I have plaid you a Trick, I'll adviſe you, how you may avoid ſuch another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a ſecond Wife. I always lov'd your Son, and hated your unforgiving Nature. I was reſolv'd to try him to the utmoſt; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more Faults than he has Virtues; and 'tis hardly more Pleaſure to me, that I can make him and my ſelf happy, than that I can puniſh you.

Val. If my happineſs cou'd receive Addition, this Kind ſurprize would make it double.

Sir *Samp.* Oons you're a *Crocodile.*

Fore. Really, Sir *Sampſon*, this is a ſudden Eclipſe——

Sir *Samp.* You're an illiterate Fool, and I'm another, and the Stars are Lyars; and if I had Breath enough, I'd curſe them and you, my ſelf and every Body—Oons, Cully'd, Bubbl'd, Jilted Woman-bobb'd at laſt—I have not Patience. [*Exit* Sir *Samp.*

Tatt. If the Gentleman is in this diſorder for want of a Wife, I can ſpare him mine. Oh are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my Happineſs. [*to Jere.*

Jere.

Jere. Sir, I ask you Ten Thouſand Pardons, 'twas an errant miſtake——You ſee, Sir, my Maſter was never mad, nor any thing like it——Then how could it be otherwiſe?

Val. Tattle, I thank you, you would have interpoſed between me and Heav'n; but Providence laid Purgatory in your way—You have but Juſtice.

Scan. I hear the Fiddles that Sir *Sampſon* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity they ſhould not be employ'd when the Match is ſo much mended. *Valentine*, tho' it be Morning, we may have a Dance.

Val. Any thing, my Friend, every thing that looks like Joy and Tranſport.

Scan. Call 'em, *Jeremy*.

Ang. I have done diſſembling now, *Valentine*; and if that Coldneſs which I have always worn before you, ſhould turn to an extream Fondneſs, you muſt not ſuſpect it.

Val. I'll prevent that ſuſpicion——For I intend to doat on at that immoderate rate, that your Fondneſs ſhall never diſtinguiſh it ſelf enough, to be taken notice of. If ever you ſeem to love too much, it muſt be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of large Promiſes; You know you are apt to run more in Debt than you are able pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my Body as your Priſoner, and make your beſt on't.

Scan. The Muſick ſtays for you.

Dance.

Scan. Well, Madam, You have done Exemplary Juſtice, in puniſhing an inhumane Father, and rewarding a Faithful Lover: But there is a Third good Work, which I, in particular, muſt thank you for; I was an Infidel to your Sex; and you have converted me——For now I am convinc'd that all Women are not like Fortune, blind in beſtowing Favours, either on thoſe who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. 'Tis an unreaſonable Accuſation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with Injuſtice, only to cover your own want of Merit. You would all have the Reward of Love; but few have the Conſtancy to ſtay till it becomes your due. Men are gene-

generally Hypocrites and Infidels, theypretend to Worſhip, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like *Valentine*, would perſevere even unto Martyrdom, and ſacrifice their Intereſt to their Conſtancy! In admiring me, you miſplace the Novelty.

The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's Kind.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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